

T H E
D I A L O G U E S

O F

E U M E N E S; *K*

Or the Religion of the Heart, distinguished from
that Attachment to mere Modes, which too fre-
quently deforms the Christian Temper.

—*For behold, the Kingdom of God is
within you.* LUKE xvii. 21.

B R I S T O L :

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE design of the Author, in writing these Dialogues, was to cherish, in his own breast, what he apprehends to be the true Spirit of Christianity; to draw off the minds of young people, especially those of a religious education, from too great a dependence on the forms of devotion, and to furnish a species of reading, calculated to engage the attention, and mend the heart.

How far he has attained his purpose, especially in the two last particulars, he leaves, without much solicitude for his reputation as a writer, to his friends and the public, to determine.

It is a spontaneous production: has been the trifling, but agreeable amusement of some leisure hours. No attention, however, which the author was capable of, to render it acceptable, has been omitted.—

While

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

While the Formalist, and the Bigot, in religion, may not be gratified, on the one hand; he presumes, it is next to impossible, that the candid, and serious Christian should be offended, on the other.

He has only to add, that many of the incidents which occur in the course of these Dialogues, were taken from real life; a circumstance, which may serve to render the application more natural and certain, than could, perhaps, have been expected from mere fiction,



DIALOGUE I.

CONSTANTIA and CLEMENTINA.

THESE two ladies, connected in the most intimate friendship, though of very different natural tempers, have been long an ornament, and a blessing to the neighbourhood in which they reside. Constantia was the only daughter of a most indulgent father, who, in the care of her education, supplied, as far as he could do it, the place of a truly pious mother, whom it was her greatest misfortune to lose, just as she was entering on her tenth year. This afflicting loss was supposed to have made some suitable impressions on her young mind. But the vanity of the world, and the prospect of enjoying an independent fortune, soon got the better of all her serious reflections, and she entered, as far as she was permitted, into all the fashionable amusements of the gay world.

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At the age of sixteen, by mere accident, she became acquainted with a young officer in the army, who, by the exchange of a few billetsdoux, and by other arts, to which it should seem, he was by no means a stranger, soon made himself master of her too unguarded heart. Nothing now remained but to carry her off in triumph to Scotland. This manœuvre completed the wishes of the young couple, and they thought themselves perfectly happy.

As Constantia happened, at this time, to be on a visit in London, her father neither knew nor suspected any thing of the matter, till it was announced to him, and the world, in the public prints. He was greatly chagrined at the unexpected news; but judged it prudent to make the best of what, he could not but think, a very unsuitable match for his daughter; and, by some means or other, soon prevailed on the young hero to dispose of his commission, and retire with his bride into the country.

Here, under the inspection of the good old gentleman, they kept within tolerable bounds; and, had he lived a few years longer,

longer, they might have been contented and happy in so agreeable a retreat.

But the father dying about this time, and leaving an ample fortune, they began to think a country life no longer supportable. Altamont, for that was the name of the husband, thought himself abundantly qualified to serve his country in the senate, as well as the army; and Constantia advised him by no means to refuse the honours intended him by a neighbouring borough. From this time his house was open to all his friends; and, at the moderate expence of half his fortune, he was returned, at the next general election, by a great majority.

A life of dissipation, in a few years, not only greatly diminished the remaining half of his fortune; but quite ruined his constitution, and brought on a complication of disorders which ended in death.

Constantia was now left with two fine children, a boy and a girl. And, on looking into her affairs she found herself obliged to return immediately into the country, with her little family, to subsist on the scanty remains of her paternal estate. But it pleased GOD, who i

the father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widow, to visit her in her affliction ; and she is now much more happy than ever she had been in her greatest prosperity.

This last circumstance was of itself sufficient to induce the amiable Clementina to embrace the earliest opportunity to make her a visit, not merely to fall in with an unmeaning and insipid formality, as is too common with people of rank, both in town and country, but with a design to form that friendship, which is founded in religion, and which is, of all others, the most desirable, interesting, and permanent.

Constantia received her neighbour in a manner suited to her present state of mind, as well as to the character of a lady so universally esteemed, as Clementina was, for her piety and goodness. As soon as tea was over, it being a remarkably fine evening, they took a turn in the garden. A winding walk, by an easy ascent, variegated on either side with shrubs and flowers, led them to an alcove at the upper end, which overlooked a small, but delightful valley beneath them. The fields now appeared in their richest dress;

dress; the little hills rejoiced on every side; the softening air was balm; the parting clouds were edged with gold; the feathered songsters had just begun their vespers, and heaven and earth confessed the GOD of seasons.

Seated on this delightful spot, they saw his lovely image impressed on all the varied scene; and heard the voice of inspiration in the responsive melody of the adjacent groves.

My dear Constantia, said Clementina, I congratulate you on your return, once more, to this loved retreat; and rejoice to see how perfectly you now enjoy it!

O, my Clementina, I hope my heart is truly grateful! but I can never enough admire the goodness of GOD, who has given me, however unworthy, to feel, at length, that I am yet capable of being truly happy! I am now fully determined to give up my time and talents to his service, in the religious education of these two fatherless children, which he has given me to amuse my solitary hours, and alleviate my affliction. Your friendship

and conversation, my Clementina, will, I am fully persuaded, abundantly favour my designs, and be a much greater help and comfort to me than you can possibly imagine. I know you were remarkably devoted to GOD from your early youth ; you sought him early, and you found him. From some of my neighbours, who have been so kind as to visit me since I came into the country, I have collected a few instructive anecdotes of your life and character, which make me impatient to hear, from your own lips, what were the means by which you have made that progress, and attained to that eminence in the divine life, for which you have been so deservedly celebrated. Nor can I think you capable of denying such a request to one, who so much, and so sincerely desires to profit by it, as I do.

My story, said Clementina, has indeed something singular in it ; but I give you nearly the whole of it, in a few words, when I tell you, that my life has been an uncommon, and, I may almost say, an uninterrupted series of prosperity.

You

You know, that, from my earliest infancy, I was brought up and educated in the family of Euphrastus, who not only acknowledged, but treated me in all respects, as his only daughter. I knew not but I was so, and felt all the filial respect and reverence due to the best of fathers. Theodosia, his dear and amiable wife, not only performed the part, but felt, I am sure, in her turn, all the affection and tenderness of a real mother, though the title was supposititious and merely imaginary.

In this distinguished family, I received what may be called, with the greatest propriety, an education truly religious. The order observed, the many advantages for improvement in knowledge and virtue, and, above all, the striking examples of Euphrastus and Theodosia, could hardly fail of inspiring an early sense of religion, the true fear of GOD in the heart. There was nothing morose, or forbidding, nothing dull and melancholy; all was free and open; all was cheerful, all was happy.

As soon as I began to articulate, and understand words, my good nurse, and frequently my mamma, for so I must call her, would

divert me with some little stories, full of moral or religious instruction; and introduce, in the most engaging manner, the several observations from the sacred scriptures, which were best suited to make impressions on young minds, and encourage them in a course of early piety. She told me, that her grandmother Lois, and her mother Eunice, had both done the same before her, and that, by their means, she became acquainted with the holy scriptures, and had found them to be of unspeakable advantage to her, from a child.

On my fourth birth day, which then happened to be on a Sunday, my dear mamma took me into her closet; and, having kissed me with more tenderness, I thought, than ever she had done before in her life, she said to me, “ My dear Clementina, last night you
“ heard the bell toll for your play fellow over
“ the way, Letitia Courtly, she was, you
“ know, but a few months older than your-
“ self; and though now you enjoy perfect
“ health, as she did a few days since; yet,
“ my dearest Clementina, this year you may
“ die! I will therefore, in a more solemn
“ manner than I have ever yet done, com-
“ mend

“mend you to GOD, whose you are, and
“in whose hand your breath is.”

With this she fell on her knees, and seemed to pour out all her soul in prayer to GOD for me, that he would either spare my life, or fit me for death: that every one in her family, and all the young people in the neighbourhood, might be properly affected with this awful stroke, and remember their Creator in the days of their youth, before the evil days come, and years draw nigh, in which they would be obliged to say, We have no pleasure in them. And particularly, that the service of that sabbath might be abundantly blessed to herself, to me, and to all the young people that might attend upon it.

Rising from her knees, she turned to the eighty fourth psalm, which, by her particular direction, I had learned by heart of my nurse the week before; and, having read it to me, she took me by the hand, and said, with an accent, and in a manner, which I cannot describe, and which I shall never forget, —“My dear child, this day you shall go to
“chapel with me, and the rest of the family

“to

“ to worship that good and gracious GOD,
“ who made you, and on whom you depend
“ for life and breath, and all things; for, by
“ what I have observed in your looks this
“ morning, I cannot but hope, young indeed
“ as you are, that you may be capable of re-
“ ceiving more serious impressions in the ser-
“ vice of GOD, than might be expected from
“ one of your age.”

The chapel, though pretty large, was a neat building, well accommodated to the congregation, which completely filled it. We were one of the first families that made their appearance; but in less than five minutes, the whole congregation assembled; and, though the service was not begun, they all took their seats without the least noise or confusion, and the stillness of the place, I have since thought, added much to the solemnity.

Eugenius, the minister of the chapel, made a most venerable appearance, his person, his dress, and his deportment were truly respectable. He entered into the spirit of the service, and conducted the whole of it with that dignity, variety, power, pathos, and affection,

tion, that could not fail of engaging the attention of his hearers. His subject chiefly turned on the love and passion of our blessed Saviour, from the memorable doxology of the apostle John,

“ Unto him that loved us, and washed us
“ from our sins in his own blood; and hath
“ made us kings and priests unto GOD and
“ his father, to him be glory and dominion,
“ for ever and ever, Amen.” The audience in general was exceedingly serious and attentive; but my dear mamma caught all the inspiration of the subject. I soon saw the tears trickle from her eyes; and yet I perceived a glow of heavenly joy on her countenance; and, indeed, felt myself what I still want, and ever shall want, proper language to express. The songs of Sion delighted my soul; we returned praising GOD with joyful lips; and I shall never forget that day as long as I live!

From this early, but memorable period of my life, I felt my obligations to GOD my Saviour; I read the scriptures with increasing pleasure; attended my dear mamma in the devotions of the closet; was constant at
chapel

chapel on the Lord's day, and never found myself so happy as when properly engaged in the duties of religion. And, though I must confess, these devout exercises have not always been attended to with that life and fervour, which I could wish, yet they have not to this day, and, I hope, never will degenerate into a mere routine of devotion, the bane of true religion, a dull and insipid formality.

But, at the age of sixteen, I may tell it to my Constantia without blushing, my heart became susceptible of a kindred, though a very different passion. Sophron, the supposed son of Philetas, a neighbouring gentleman, of a small estate, but of great accomplishments, and an intimate friend of Euphrastus, had been my companion and play fellow, from my earliest infancy. His person and manners were engaging to the last degree. We were exactly of the same age; and his lovely image, before I could be well aware of it, had made the deepest impression on my tender heart!

About this time, however, he was destined to complete his studies at the University, and the inns of court. His thirst for learning
I knew

I knew to be insatiable, but I perceived it was with the greatest reluctance he left his father's house, and my fond hopes were ready to suggest the cause of it. The attachment, though industriously concealed from each other, was mutual; and our parting was exceedingly tender. He has since told me, that had he not despaired of obtaining his wishes, whatever might have been the consequence, he should not have had resolution sufficient to leave the country, and, as he then did, all his heart and hopes behind him. For my own part, I wished a thousand times over, that our fortunes had been more equal, that his had been as large as mine, or rather that mine had been as small as his, lest the disparity should prove an invincible obstacle to the accomplishment of my wishes.

This, my Constantia, was the greatest trial I ever experienced in my whole life; and the five years of separation that followed, seemed exceedingly long, and were to both of us exceedingly painful. Sophron pursued his studies with unremitting diligence, and with the greatest applause; but his passion, pent up and concealed, for after all he could not wish,

with to suppress it, became more violent and tormenting. His vacations, however, were constantly spent in the country ; but our interviews at those seasons, though exceedingly pleasing while they lasted, served only, on reflection, to increase the uneasiness.

During this time of trial, I was frequently at a loss to discover the intentions of providence ; but was determined to wait the issue, and to give myself up entirely to the disposal of my good and gracious GOD, in that, which young as I was, I could not but think, by far, the most important, and interesting event of human life.

One evening, just as I was come out of my closet, where I had been reflecting on these things, Lucy came rather abruptly into my room ; and said to me with a kind of pleasing surprize on her countenance. “ Dear
“ Miss, what do you think ! Sophron is this
“ moment alighted at his father’s door.—I am
“ sure it is he ! and I have heard below
“ stairs that he is come home at the earnest
“ request of Euphrastus, who has a secret of
“ the last importance to communicate to him ;
“ and

“ and they are to have an interview, for
“ that purpose, early to-morrow morning.”

My heart was too deeply interested not to feel an unusual emotion on this occasion. I went to bed, but a thousand thoughts and conjectures passed in my mind. Hope and fear alternately prevailed, and I never spent a night with equal anxiety in my life.

As soon as I was up the next morning, the amiable Theodosia appeared, as my guardian angel. In my looks, I am sure, she read the perturbation of my mind. She took me, however, as usual, into her closet, and having once more recommended me, in a strain of the purest devotion, to the divine blessing and protection, she turned me to the twenty fourth chapter of Genesis, and I read with a tremulous voice, and with a throbbing heart,

“ Rebekah arose, and her damsels, and
“ they rode upon the camels, and the ser-
“ vant took Rebekah, and went his way.
“ And Isaac came out to meditate in the
“ field at even tide; and he looked, and saw,
“ and behold the camels were coming. And
“ Rebekah lift up her eyes, and when she
“ saw Isaac, she lighted off the camel, for
“ she

" she had said to the servant, What man is
 " this that walketh in the field to meet us !
 " And the servant had said, He is my master.
 " Therefore she took a veil, and covered
 " herself. And the servant told Isaac what
 " he had done. And Isaac brought her into
 " his mother Sarah's tent, and took Rebekah,
 " and she became his wife, and he loved
 " her ; and Isaac was comforted after his
 " mother's death."

When I had done, she said to me, with
 all the softness that can be imagined, and
 with a most engaging smile on her counte-
 nance, " My child, the time is now come,
 " that I must disclose to you, what has been
 " kept a profound secret to this day, I mean
 " your true birth and parentage. You have
 " been taught to call Euphrastus your father,
 " and me your mother ; but Philetas, our
 " intimate and dear friend, is your real fa-
 " ther ; and his amiable wife was your own
 " mother. She died in childbed, and left
 " you the only legacy to her afflicted and
 " disconsolate husband. Sophron, on the
 " same day, rewarded a mother's throws,
 " and

“ and is the son of Euphrastus. The ex-
“ change was made, and the secret kept,
“ from the best motives; and the success has
“ exceeded our fondest expectations. Sophron
“ has acquired, under the care and direction
“ of Philetas, those accomplishments, which
“ in all probability he never would have ac-
“ quired, had he known himself to be the
“ only son of Euphrastus. And you, my
“ dear Clementina, have experienced the at-
“ tentions, and tenderness of a mother in the
“ family of the latter, which you could not
“ have expected in that of the former. I
“ have only to add, that neither of you are
“ to be losers by the present discovery. We
“ have long beheld, with great pleasure,
“ your mutual and growing attachment. Pro-
“ vidence hath already determined, and we
“ rejoice in the determination. Sophron is
“ to continue the son of Philetas, and Cle-
“ mentina is still to be the daughter of Eu-
“ phrastus and Theodosia.”

I fell on my knees, and made an effort to
speak; but she saw my heart too big for ut-
terance, and, said, “ My dear Clementina,
“ I will leave you for a moment in this hum-

“ ble posture, to recollect yourself a little,
“ and direct your devotions to the wise dis-
“ poser of all events, the gracious author of
“ all your mercies.”

And now, my Constantia, I could not but see and adore the hand of GOD in all these things. It was, I thought, an awful providence, that my life should be the cause of death to her that bore me; and that a helpless infant should be the only recompence to Philetas, for the early and affecting loss of so amiable and beloved a wife as my mother. The loss was indeed made up to me, but to him it was irreparable. I have often heard that he could never think of another connection for life with equal tenderness and affection; and without this he would not have contracted even a second marriage for the whole world. Nor could I view those wonderful events, and the singular œconomy of both the families, in any other light, than as intended, under a superior direction, to make me truly happy. I applied, and, I think, I felt on this occasion, the full force of that declaration, “ All things are yours, Whether
“ the

“ the world, or life or death, or things present, or things to come, all are yours.”

That day, that auspicious day! indeed, completed all my hopes on earth; and I may add, it is a delightful thought! The union, I verily believe it, was decreed and ratified in heaven. You have heard that Sophron is one of the best of men; and I am sure he is one of the tenderest of husbands. Twenty years have now passed since our hearts and hands were thus united. All the advantages that can arise from the conjugal relation, to piety and virtue, I have enjoyed; and can truly say, my happiness, great as it was at first, and, I would hope, my gratitude, has been encreasing to this day.

Thus at the request of my Constantia, and therefore without the least apology, I have made myself the heroine of my own story; from which, upon the whole, you may collect that the goodness of GOD hath led me to repentance. To this goodness of his I impute all that I have felt, and all that I enjoy; nor can I conclude without wishing, as I sincerely do this day, that all the world were as happy as myself.

O, my Clementina, said Constantia, had providence smiled on me as it has on you, I should have been, I verily believe, one of the most thoughtless, and consequently one of the most miserable of women ! My heart, you know, was fully set on vanity ; my expectations from the world were great : I pursued them, for a course of years, with eagerness ; and doubtless should have continued the vain pursuit to this day, but GOD was pleased to hedge up my way with thorns, so that I could not find my path.

The early and unexpected death of my mother made little impression on my thoughtless heart ; that of my father, which happened some years after, still less ; but, at length, the extravagance, the folly, and especially the unfaithfulness and brutality of the ungrateful * * * quite broke my spirits ; and his death, how tremendously awful ! made that impression on my mind, which, I think, nothing else in the world could possibly have done. All my hopes of splendour and greatness were laid in the dust ; my fortune was spent ; my friends had forsaken me in my distress ;

distress; and I thought myself justly abandoned, indeed, both of GOD, and man!

For some months, sleep was a stranger to my pillow! my nights were spent in sighing; and my days without hope! My sin and my sorrow greater than I could bear; and, had not GOD appeared for me, I should have perished in my affliction! But, one morning, I shall never forget it, as I was turning over my bible, that blessed book, with which, alas! in the days of my vanity, I had been so little conversant! The divine admonition reached my heart, with an energy I had never experienced before, and which I now want words to describe. “Despise
“not thou the chastening of the Almighty,
“neither faint when thou art rebuked of
“him.—For the sacrifices of GOD are a
“broken spirit; a broken and a contrite
“heart, O GOD, thou wilt not despise.”
And I said, LORD, is my contrition adequate to my guilt! can my sorrow, were it much greater than it is, atone for my sin? No, verily, were my head waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night, and pour out floods of perpetual

forrow, all this could by no means expiate my guilt:—"But the blood of JESUS "CHRIST thy Son cleanseth from all sin."

Whether I really read these words, or whether they were the result of my own thoughts, or whether impressed by a superior influence, I cannot positively determine. But this, my dear Clementina, I am fully assured of, they removed, for the present, my greatest discouragements; repelled my most distressing fears; diffused a serenity and a joy, unfelt before, through all the powers of my soul; and made me infinitely more happy than ever I could have expected!

By this time the coach was in waiting for Clementina, who took her leave of her amiable friend and her infant charge, with the utmost tenderness. Constantia in fixed attention, with tears of joy in her eyes, followed the coach till it was quite out of sight; and felt that warmth of religious friendship already glowing in her breast, which, her heart assured her, nothing in this world could possibly suppress!

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE II.

CLEMENT and HORTENSIUS,

WERE twin brothers, remarkable for that tender and disinterested affection, which is too rarely exemplified in so near a relation. Their father died soon after they were born, and left their mother in the management of a small farm in the country, where they were brought up together, under her care, and instructed in the principles and practice of religion and virtue. United in birth, education, and affection, the thought of a separation, would have been insupportable. Providence indeed seems to have designed their inseparable union; and we now find them happily settled, as two of the most distinguished characters, in the family of Euphrastus.

Clement, in the office of butler and house steward, has acquitted himself to the entire

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satisfaction,

satisfaction, not only of his master, but of all his fellow servants. He discovered an early aversion to all kinds of fermented liquors, and has drank nothing but water from his cradle. He is therefore temperate by necessity; but, had the case been otherwise, I am sure, he would have been no less so, from principle. He has made the scriptures in general his chief study, but is passionately fond of the poetical books of the Old Testament. He acquired, in his early youth, the melting language of the harp; he has skill in minstrelsey; and is the author of many divine hymns, with which Euphrastus and Theodosia, and indeed the whole family, are said to be greatly delighted.

The natural genius of Hortensius led him to the culture of the orchard and garden, in which he has presided, with singular success, for more than ten years. Most of the trees and shrubs are of his own raising; and there is scarcely a plant, in the whole inclosure, but profits by his daily inspection. He is a close observer of nature, and follows her dictates in all his operations. While nothing is compelled to anticipate, nothing fails to keep

keep pace with the seasons. Euphrastus, indeed, has thought it by no means necessary to feast his company on melons and cucumbers in the month of January; nor does he even think the delicious flavour of the pine apple a sufficient compensation for the care and expence of raising it. No one's table, however, is better furnished with all the wholesome productions of the espalier and kitchen garden. The variety, as well as plenty, is supposed to have contributed much, not only to the entertainment, but, what is more, to the health and comfort, of the whole family. The disposition of the several plantations, the singular method of training the trees, the largeness of the fruit, the richness of the flavour, and indeed the whole œconomy of the garden, and the high perfection of its various productions, have long since gained Hortensius a great reputation: and most of the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, have profited by his advice and example.

Hortensius discovered from his youth, a natural turn for science, and has spent most of his leisure hours in studying the motions of the stars, and the virtues of plants.

The

The first of these sciences has greatly enlarged his mind, in those astonishing views, which it has opened to him of the power and wisdom of the great Creator; the latter his sphere of usefulness among his fellow mortals, by the frequent opportunities, which it has afforded him in the successful application of his simples, for the cure, or prevention of their various maladies.

Hortensius is perfectly acquainted with all the minutiae of the Linnæan system, but his herbal is constructed on quite different principles. No kind of plant is to be admitted into it, but what has given full proof of its virtues, at least, as a vulnary, or an antiscorbutic, by repeated trials, and in numberless cases, both external and internal, in which it has been administered. This work, should he live to complete it, will be a valuable acquisition to the science of healing, and so much the more useful as it will be adapted to the meanest capacity.

One afternoon, about a fortnight ago, Hortensius had engaged his brother, as he usually does at particular seasons, to botanize with him

him in the adjacent fields. After collecting a plentiful store of simples, they sat down to refresh themselves under the shade of a beach tree. Hortensius was busied for a while in sorting his herbs. Clement, in the mean time, had strung his harp to the hundred and fourth psalm. The music was admirably adapted to the subject, and they both sung to it, Clement in the upper, and Hortensius in the lower key. I happened to be seated, at the same time, under an old favourite oak, which stood at the corner of a small grove, on the opposite side of the little vale, by which we were separated. My ear immediately caught the sound; and, favoured by a gentle breeze, which played, as on purpose, directly across the declivity of the valley, I could distinctly hear both the notes and the words.

Vast are thy works, Almighty LORD,
All nature rests upon thy word;
And the whole race of creatures stands
Waiting their portion from thy hands.

While each receives his different food,
His cheerful looks pronounce it good!

Eagles

Eagles and bears, and whales and worms,
Rejoice and praise in different forms.

But when thy face is hid they mourn,
And, dying to their dust return :
Both man and beasts their souls resign ;
Life, breath, and spirit, all are thine.

Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,
And fill the world with beasts and men ;
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the waste of time and death.

The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,
And, at thy touch, the mountains smoke ;
Yet humble souls may see thy face,
And tell their wants to sovereign grace.

In thee our hopes and wishes meet,
And make our meditations sweet ;
Thy praises shall our breath employ,
'Till it expires in endless joy.

It was indeed one of the songs of Sion, and
I can truly say it delighted my very soul !

After

After a little pause, Hortensius said to his brother, My dear Clement, I have always considered our intimate union and growing affection from the womb, as the gracious design of providence to make us as happy, perhaps, as we ought to be in the present world : and, I am sure, it should induce us, not only to wish all about us as happy as ourselves, but to do all we can to make them so.

Yes, my brother, replied Clement, it should indeed ! and I have often reflected with much pleasure, that our present settlement, for so I may call it, in the family of Euphrastus, affords us so many opportunities of doing it. You doubtless remember how often and how strictly he has charged us, that should we hear of any losses sustained by the poor tenants and cottagers, in the neighbouring parishes, or of any affliction with which they might be visited, to give him immediate information. And we have seen, in numberless instances, with what pleasure he has made up the loss to them, and communicated to their necessities. Euphrastus is surely one of the best of men, and one of the best of masters ;

masters; and I should think it almost impossible for any one to be acquainted with him, or to have any connections with the family, without being greatly edified by his example! I am sure it has been greatly blessed to you and me, and, I believe, to almost all our fellow servants.—

Pray, said Hortensius, interrupting his brother, what do you think of John the footman; he appears to me to be of late much more serious in his countenance and manner, than he was some months ago. I suppose you have had some conversation with him before now.

Yes, said Clement, about six months since, which you know was soon after he came to his place, I took an opportunity, just as all the servants were gone out of the hall, to ask him how he liked the order observed in the family, and whether it was not, in some respects, new to him. In answer to this, he said, after pausing a little,

“ To be sure master and mistress are very
“ good sort of folks; and I cannot but say

“ all

" all my fellow servants, especially you and
" Hortensius, have behaved very civil to
" me."

But, John, I ask you, What do you think
of the particular order observed in the fami-
ly? He replied,

" To be sure we have very good orders;
" very good eating and drinking; every
" thing is brought to our table very clean and
" decent, the strong beer, and even the
" wine, I see is, at our command, when we
" may chuse to have it, especially when any
" friend calls to see us; but I never see any
" one drink more than a glass or two; nor
" is there the least waste made of any thing
" in the house; besides, you never play at
" cards, nor sit up late a nights; and, to be
" sure, all this is very good!"

But, John, said I, you do not seem to un-
derstand my meaning. I want to know
how you like the religious order, which
is so strictly observed in this family!

" Why, Mr. Clemens, said John, when
" I lived at old Sir Harry Freeport's, who
" was

“ was, they say, a very religious man, especially after the death of Mrs. Freelove, who had kept his house for some years, I remember that the old chaplain used, I believe, to say grace before and after dinner every day, for I could see his lips move, and sometimes hear a word or two, in a low voice, which I did not understand. Besides this the old gentleman on Wednesdays and Fridays pretty constantly read prayers in the family chapel; and Sir Harry and two or three of the old servants as constantly attended on those days; and I have often heard the servants, and some few of the neighbours say, there was not a better churchman than Sir Harry in all the country.”

Well, John, I suppose then you are ready to think religion rather overdone in the family of your present master?

“ Why,———why,———Mr. Clemens, I would not chuse to say so neither.”

But do you not really think so, John, be honest and tell me plainly.

“ Why,

“ Why—if I may speak my mind, I think
 “ a little less of it might do as well.”

I commend you, John, said I, for speaking the truth: but, I do assure you, I am very sorry you think so! I can truly say, it is the undissembled piety, which runs through this family that makes it so very agreeable to me; and I shall always look upon it, as one of the happiest events of my life, which brought me into it.

“ What? to be called to prayer with the family every morning and evening—to go to church twice every Sunday, and spend almost all the rest of the day in reading and praying at home.—And, besides all this, to read and pray to one’s self, once or twice every day in the week!—I cannot but think all this quite too much of it.—Besides, were I to attend to it, in the manner that you do, I should not have time to clean my knives, dress my hair, lay my cloth, do my other business, and get all my things ready for dinner. And therefore I cannot think all this necessary, or

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“ that

“that it is required of us, who have so many
“more things to do, than you have.”

Well, but John, do you not think real religion as necessary for you, and for the meanest servant in the family, as it is for me, and even for Euphrastus himself? You are greatly mistaken if you think any of us can be truly happy without it.

“To be sure,” replied John, “we should all
“of us be good: and I think we may be all
“good without so much reading and praying.
“Besides I have a very bad memory, and
“cannot get so many prayers by heart as I
“believe many of the servants have in this
“family. I have overheard Hortensius, and
“two or three more of you several times;
“but you have always a different form. You
“sometimes, indeed, make use of the Lord’s
“prayer; but even this is said different ways;
“and I wonder, for my part, where you
“could get so many prayers, and how you
“can remember them all.—But it may be,
“on this account you think yourselves better
“than other folk. —Perhaps, however, you
“may be mistaken. Others may be as good
“who

“ who do not pray half so much, nor half so often as you do !”

Yes, John, that is very true ; we might do with less of the form, had we more of the power. But, you may depend upon it, he that lives without prayer, lives without God in the world !

“ And do you think,” says John, “ that I am one of them ! Pray don’t be so uncharitable ! It is true I left my prayer book at Sir Harry’s ; but the next time I write to Betty the chambermaid, I will desire her to send it me, and then I doubt not but I shall be as good as the best of you.”

If you really think so, said I, you shall not wait for it, I will lend you mine.

Upon this, I took my prayer book out of my pocket, and gave it him ; and, wishing him a good night, desired him to make the best use of it immediately.

Well, said Hortensius, I hope the matter did not rest here.

No, brother, about a month after John came to me in great distress, and said,

“ O, Mr. Clemens, I thought I could
“ have prayed by the help of the book as well
“ as any of you; but I now find my mistake!
“ I have read the Lord’s prayer, and, indeed,
“ many of the collects, a hundred times over;
“ but I remember you once said, and Eugenius
“ repeated the same thing in his sermon last
“ Sunday, That unless the heart goes along with
“ the words, no prayer can be acceptable to
“ GOD. I could read the prayers, but could
“ not find my heart going along with them.
“ In some places, I did not understand the
“ words, and when I did, I had no pleasure
“ in saying them; and, besides I should be
“ thinking of ten thousand things at the same
“ time, and some of them so foolish, and in-
“ deed so wicked, that I dare not mention
“ them; and really I think I am not so good
“ as I was before you lent me the book!”

Why, John, said I, you have a very different opinion of yourself now, from what you had some time ago.

“ Yes,

“ Yes, Mr. Clemens, I have indeed ! I
“ know myself to be a great sinner ; and, if
“ I cannot pray, what will become of me ?
“ I thought I could have said the Lord’s
“ prayer almost by heart ; and sometimes I
“ had pleasure in saying it.—But, about a
“ fortnight ago,—alas ! poor Betty ! the
“ chambermaid at Sir Harry’s ! dear crea-
“ ture ! fell sick of the smallpox and died !
“ The dreadful news went to my very heart !
“ I did not hear of her illness till two days
“ after she had been dead and buried ; or,
“ though I have not had the distemper, I
“ should have gone to see her, if it had cost
“ me my life. The night I heard of her
“ death, I was, you know, almost out of my
“ senses. But after I had recovered myself
“ a little, I thought I would take out my
“ book, and say my prayers, as I had been
“ used to do, before I went into bed. But
“ when I was to say, Thy will be done, my
“ heart forbad me, my tongue faltered, and
“ I could not say it. I shut the book, throw-
“ ed it from me, and have not dared to open
“ it ever since, nor can I yet say the words :
“ and now, I fear, I never shall !”

I told him I hoped he would, and was going to reason with him on the subject, and to endeavour to comfort him. But he fetched a deep sigh, and left me with tears in his eyes.

Since that, I have often seen him in the greatest agony of distress, and have frequently heard him cry out, "Woe is me, I am undone! What shall I do!" He was, it should seem quite ignorant of the way of salvation; and, though he read his bible, and constantly attended prayers in the family and at church, yet it was some weeks before he obtained any satisfaction or received the least comfort. He had all along thought that his heart was good, and that it would be an easy thing for him to repent of his sins, and work out his salvation, whenever he should think fit to set himself about it. But he was now fully convinced that his heart was desperately wicked: that he could neither read nor pray, nor repent, nor believe, nor do any thing as he ought, and as he wished to do it. He concluded, indeed, that he had sinned himself beyond the reach of mercy, and told me that he really
thought

thought there was not the least ground of hope for him, and that he should never be saved.

But it so happened, that about three months ago Eugenius took his text one Sunday morning from the sixteenth of the Acts.

“ Then he called for a light, and sprang
“ in, and came trembling, and fell down before Paul and Silas, and brought them out,
“ and said, Sirs, what must I do to be saved ?”

The good old gentleman described the earnestness, solicitude and distress of a truly awakened sinner, in so just and striking a manner, that John verily thought he must have made the sermon on purpose, and that he preached that morning to no body but him. He immediately concluded that I had told Eugenius his case, and desired him to preach from that text; and it was some time before I could convince him to the contrary. He drew this inference from it, however, that his case was not quite singular, as he had before thought it was; and this gave him some little relief. In the afternoon Eugenius took his text from the following verse

“ Believe on the LORD JESUS CHRIST,
“ and thou shalt be saved.”

The words were no sooner read, but, as he expressed it, all his heart was up in his mouth ; and he felt himself affected in a manner that he could not describe. In treating the subject, Eugenius explained the nature of true faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.—Insisted on its certain connection with the salvation of the soul.—And encouraged the repenting sinner by a variety of persuasive arguments to depend on CHRIST alone for that salvation.—It is, you know, his general method not to hunt after any thing foreign to the subject, nor, indeed, any thing that may be supposed to lie deep in the text. But rather to pursue the leading ideas, and enforce the obvious meaning, with all the power of a genuine and unaffected oratory. This method may not always tickle the ears, or gratify the curiosity of the hearers ; but it is, we apprehend, the best calculated to inform the understanding and reach the heart. This sermon, however, as may well be supposed, gave John that particular information which he wanted, made
a deep

a deep impression on his mind, and afforded him, at length, a consolation which no language can fully express.

He returned home, took the first opportunity to retire to his room, read the words of the text over and over again, with encreasing and unspeakable delight; was fully convinced that JESUS was able to save to the uttermost; and was enabled, that very evening, to cast himself down at his feet, and trust in him alone for pardon and salvation.—He said, “LORD I believe, guilty and unworthy as I am, O help my unbelief, and make me strong in faith that I may give glory to thy name.” In a word, he gave himself to GOD with the most determined resolution, and rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. The rebellion of his heart was subdued, and he could now say, with the most perfect acquiescence, “Let thy will, O LORD, and not mine be done! Let thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven!”

From this time John has been composed, cheerful and happy. He professes to be a believer in CHRIST; and, as far as I know,
his

his temper and conversation have been consistent with his profession. The very name of JESUS is precious to his soul. He discovers his love to CHRIST by keeping his commandments: And he is, I verily believe, another trophy of divine grace, added to the many, by which, you know, the family of Euphrastus has been so happily distinguished.

O, my brother, replied Hortensius, we can never be enough thankful! I bless GOD for it, from my soul! I feel my heart already united to him in a manner which I cannot describe, but which, I am sure, you perfectly understand. And now, my brother, once more, tune your harp to the voice of praise!

And they sung, in the true spirit of psalmody, making melody with grace in their hearts.

HOW helpless guilty nature lies

Unconscious of her load;

The heart, unchanged, can never rise

To happiness and GOD.

The will perverse, the passions blind,

In paths of ruin stray;

Reason

Reason, debased, can never find,
The safe, the narrow way.

Can ought beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue ?
'Tis thine, eternal spirit, thine,
To form the heart anew.

'Tis thine the passions to recall,
And bid them upwards rise ;
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes.

To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live :
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give !

O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine :
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty LORD, be thine !

P A U S E.

When GOD revealed his gracious name,
And changed our mournful state,
The rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appear'd so great !

The

The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess:
Our tongues broke out in unknown strains,
And sung the wonderful grace.

Great is the work, our neighbours cry,
And own the power divine;
Great is the work, our lips reply,
And be the glory thine!

By this time, the curfew tolled, and taking up the precious burdens, which they had collected, and in which were bound up the health and ease, perhaps, of thousands in that happy neighbourhood, they returned to assist in the social worship of that distinguished family to which they belonged.

I was, I hope, truly thankful for the instruction and entertainment which they had undesignedly given me; and caught something of that divine enthusiasm, that love to GOD and man, which their conversation, and their hymns were suited to inspire!

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE III.

LUCY and MARIA.

WHEN I was on my last visit in the family of Sophron, I happened one morning to be sitting in an alcove, where I could distinctly overhear Lucy and Maria, as they sat at work in a small apartment adjoining to it. On listening a little, I soon found their conversation turned on an incident, which had occurred at the funeral of a female infant in the neighbourhood, some months before; at which, it should seem, both of them had assisted, though at that time they had no intimate acquaintance with each other. The grandmother of the child had been left a poor widow, with one only daughter, whom she had brought up with the greatest care and industry, and who was now just turned of her eighteenth year. She had the misfortune to be much celebrated as one of the greatest rural

ral beauties in the parish where she lived ; and several young fellows had occasionally paid their addresses to her. But, of all these, one only had made any impression on her heart. This successful suitor, as is too often the case, happened to be the most unworthy of the train, and had greatly abused the confidence she reposed in him. The child died, however, within the month ; and, when it came to be buried, the grandmother, who had conceived an uncommon affection for it, met with a grievous disappointment. The minister of the parish, whether his scruples arose from any supposed defect in the baptism of the child, or from the circumstance of its illegitimacy, I could not learn with any degree of precision, but so it was, when the corps was presented to him, he would by no means suffer it to be carried into the church. The old woman intreated him with tears in her eyes, and all the arguments she could muster up on the occasion, but all in vain ; he continued resolute in his refusal ; and they were at length obliged to take the corpse out of the church porch, where it had rested during the contest, and bring it to the grave.

The

The old gentleman had so far gotten the better of his prejudices as to go through the whole funeral service. The grandmother had by this time fixed her eyes on the grave, as intensely as though all her hopes on earth had been buried in it ; and, after the minister and the people were gone from it, it was with much ado they prevailed on her at any rate to quit the place.—She returned home in great distress, and, as well as she could, with many tears and sighs, told her daughter all that had happened ; and added, she had never before seen a corps buried that had not been first carried into the body of the church, and signified her fears, that, for this omission, for ought she knew, the child might not be happy ; and that, for her part, she believed she should never forgive the minister, nor go to hear him again as long as she lived.

But after she had been prevailed on to drink a glass or two of gin, by way of cordial, and to take some little refreshment after her long fasting and great sorrow, she seemed much more cheerful ; and before the company left the house, she made a shift to raise herself

herself in her chair, at the head of the table, and said,

“ Hark ye, my child, and my dear neighbour, to be sure I should have been much better satisfied, and so would all of you, if so be our minister had suffered the corps to have been carried into the body of the church ;—but as it rested a long time, you know, in the church porch, GOD, I hope, is merciful ! and, who knows, but that may do as well ! Besides the child, as it is a girl, will not be to answer for the father’s sins ; and, as for the mother, she has none. And therefore, after all, I would fain persuade myself the poor child may yet be happy !”

Lucy was much concerned to find the old woman so exceedingly ignorant, but thought it prudent, at that time, not to make any reply. She therefore took her leave, and left the old lady, with the rest of the company, to enjoy the consolation, which her wisdom and piety, as they thought, had so happily suggested.

A few

A few days after, said Lucy to Maria, I called at their little cottage, where I found dame Jenkins, for that is her name, and her daughter Fanny, sitting in the door at their two handed wheels, with every thing about them as clean and neat as possible.

“ So, Miss Lucy,” said dame Jenkins, “ do walk in, and sit down. It is very kind of you to call on us, poor folks, in our disgrace and affliction. The poor child is gone! and though I did comfort myself a little, on the night of the funeral, yet, to tell you the truth, I am still in much doubt about it! Our minister, it is true, called it Sister, and committed Dust to dust, and ashes to ashes, in sure and certain hope of a resurrection to eternal life.—But it was never received into the church either alive or dead! and how then can it be saved? I wish, with all my heart, I could have the opinion of your good Eugenius upon it.”

That, said I, you might easily have were it necessary; but the case, surely, is too plain to admit of any reasonable doubt. You can-

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not

not suppose that the salvation of an infant, or even of a grown person, depends on any of those outward forms, which, though ever so proper and decent in themselves, have little or no connection with the religion of the heart. Eugenius was informed of your disappointment, and I heard him give it as his opinion, that no supposed defect in the baptism or burial could possibly affect the state of the child. Nay, I have often heard him say, in public as well as private, that suppose a man to have been baptized in his infancy, to have been taught the creed, the ten commandments, and the Lord's prayer by his godfathers and godmothers, to have been confirmed by the bishop, and to have received the sacrament a hundred times over, yet, after all, he may be destitute of real religion, and far from the kingdom of GOD.

“What? Miss Lucy! this is strange, indeed!—O, no, if the poor child had been baptized and really received into the church, I should have had no doubt of its salvation; but as the poor thing happened to die before this could be done, as wise
“people,

“ people, I believe, as Eugenius have been
“ ready to fear the contrary. And, d’ye hear
“ me, Miss Lucy, whatever he may say and
“ you may think, as to my own state, I am
“ perfectly satisfied about it. In my infancy
“ I was baptized and received into the church,
“ my godfathers and godmothers promised for
“ me that I should renounce the devil and all
“ his works, I was signed with the sign of the
“ holy cross, in token that I should be the
“ faithful servant of CHRIST unto my life’s
“ end. At sixteen I was confirmed by the
“ bishop, with many of my neighbours, in
“ the parish church ; I go to the same church
“ every Sunday of my life, if I am able ; I
“ receive the sacrament duly four times in the
“ year ; I do no body any harm, and am in
“ charity with all the poor people on the
“ common ; and therefore there can be, I
“ am sure, do doubt of my religion ; for, if
“ I am not to depend on all this, pray,
“ what do you think will become of thou-
“ sands of my neighbours, who, I am sorry
“ to say it, are not half so strict in their way
“ as I am.”

My dear dame Jenkins, said I, if this be all your dependence, I am much afraid you build on a sandy foundation; and perhaps, you may find your mistake when it is too late.

O, Lucy, said Maria, how could you be so uncharitable! She was very strict in her religion, she was well satisfied with it. It was the religion of her parents; it is the religion of her country; and I wonder how you could make so light of it. I cannot but think you were very wrong, very cruel, and perhaps a little resentful.

No, Maria, it did not, I assure you, proceed either from a disposition to censure, or from a spirit of resentment. The old woman was indeed a little warm, and had, you may perceive, considerably sharpened the tone of her voice on the occasion. But what I said proceeded from a real concern for her best interest, I was truly sorry to find her so exceedingly ignorant, and wished to turn her thoughts from the mere forms, to the reality
and

and power of that religion, which she had so zealously professed.

Well, and what did the old Lady say in answer to your bluntness?

Much the same, perhaps, that Maria would have done on the like occasion. She said, "Lucy! how can you talk so! Build on a sandy foundation! and find my mistake when it is too late? This is strange talking indeed!"

But, my dear dame Jenkins, consider who it was that said, "Verily, verily, except a man be born again he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." And again, "Marvel not that I said unto thee, ye must be born again."

"Yes, truly," said the old lady, "and was I not baptized into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost? and did not the minister and the whole congregation, say,

"We yield thee hearty thanks, most merciful Father; that it hath pleased thee to regenerate this infant with thy holy Spirit,

“to receive her for thy own child by adoption, and to incorporate her into thy holy church.—And again, Seeing now, dearly beloved brethren, that this child is regenerate, and grafted into the body of CHRIST’s church; let us give thanks to Almighty GOD for these benefits, and with one accord make our prayers unto him, that she may lead the rest of her life according to this beginning. And more than this, have I not been asked, a hundred times over, What is your name? And have I not answered, Mary Jenkins? And again, Who gave you this name? My godfathers and godmothers, in my baptism, wherein I was made a member of CHRIST, the child of GOD, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven. And will you then, or any body else, say, that after all this, I may not be a real christian! That I may build on the sand! And find my mistake when it is to late? O, Miss Lucy, I cannot think, for my part, what you would be at! You seem as though you would overturn the whole scripture! Don’t talk any more in this shocking manner, I beseech you!”

But

But surely, dame Jenkins, you do not call this scripture !

“ Scripture ! Yes, to be sure, is not all
“ this bound up with the bible ? and does not
“ every body think it as true as any thing in
“ the bible ? Why, Lucy, I am afraid you
“ do not believe your bible ! I was used to
“ think your Eugenius a good sort of a man,
“ but I now begin to fear he is a wolf in
“ sheeps cloathing, and that he has put these
“ strange notions into your head. I beg you
“ would be a little more careful how you
“ harken to him for the future.”

But, dame Jenkins, said I, give me leave to explain this matter to you a little. The common prayer was indeed drawn up by good men, and has many good things in it ; but we are by no means to suppose it of equal authority with scripture. No, so far from it, that we must allow there are, at least, some few things in it inconsistent and unscriptural. Nay the passages you have now quoted, are perhaps, of all others, some of the most exceptionable. Regeneration differs greatly from baptism, or any thing that may be rea-

sonably expected in the administration of that ordinance: it is, depend upon it, my dear dame Jenkins, it is a real change of the heart, in which all the powers of the soul are devoted to GOD. A change necessary to real religion, which takes place, for the most part, after we come to years of discretion. A change indeed, without which all the forms of religion, that were ever invented, or practised in our world, will leave us short of the kingdom of heaven. No, no, you may be assured! That neither circumcision, nor uncircumcision; neither the regular administration of baptism, nor the entire omission of it; is any thing, but a new creature.

“What, Lucy, do you say, that the order of baptism and the church catechism, make no part of the scriptures! How can you be so daring!”

Yes, said I, I do most solemnly believe it.

“O, dreadful! How can you say so! It is all my hope, and all my salvation!—I would

“not

"not believe what you say for all the world!

"I am sure you are wrong?"

"But, Mother," said Fanny, "do not be so very positive, I am inclined to think Lucy in the right."

"Inclined to think Lucy in the right!" O, child, I thought you had been better established! What! will you also deny the truth, and give up the salvation of your soul?"

"No, Mother, I hope not! But I once heard our minister say, that though he did indeed believe the common prayer to be as true as the bible, yet he could not say it was a part of scripture. Besides, I have been just looking over the order and names of all the books of the old and new testaments, and I can no where find the common prayer among them."

"No!" says the old lady, pulling out her spectacles, and snatching the bible out of her hands, "Surely child, you must have over-
"looked

“looked it.”——After poring awhile,—
“Why, surely, there must be some mistake!
“——Well, what can be the meaning of it!
“It is surely left out, somehow; I cannot
“find it in this old bible!”

Nor will you find it in any other, said I,
and therefore, you may depend upon it, that
the common prayer is no part of scripture.

“I could not have thought it!” said the old
lady, “nor will I yet believe it is as you
“say.—I shall not be easy, however, till
“I have thought over the matter; for if I
“have been mistaken so long, I don’t know
“what will become of me!”

And so, said Maria, you left the poor old
woman in this state of suspense! I wish with
all my heart, you did not do her a great deal
of harm. I hope she did not much mind what
you said, or I should not wonder to hear you
had driven her quite out of her senses!

No, Maria, the old lady could not be easy
till she had thought over the matter, as she
expressed it. Nor did it drive her out of her
senses.

ferences. She attended to it, I assure you, in a much more serious and rational manner than might have been expected.

Pray what then, said Maria, was the consequence? How did the dispute end between you?

The next morning she came to the vicarage, rather before Eugenius was up; and as soon as he came down, she said to him, "O, Sir, though you are not the minister of our parish, yet as you live so near us, and I once heard you at our church, I hope you will excuse my troubling you so early this morning."

"Yes, surely, dame Jenkins," said Eugenius, "it will be no trouble, but a real pleasure to me, if I can be of any real service to you. Pray what is the matter?"

"O, Sir," said the old lady, "I have not had a wink of sleep all night! Nor could I possibly rest, or sit down to my wheel this morning, till I had spoke to you!"

"Pray

“ Pray, what is it that has so much disturbed you ? Do tell me what is the matter ! ”

“ Why, Sir, matter enough indeed ! Lucy called upon us yesterday, and told me, I might possibly build on a sandy foundation, and find my mistake, perhaps, when it would be too late ; that is, I suppose she means, I may go to hell, and be lost for ever ; notwithstanding all my religion ! ”

“ And did you believe what she said ? ”

“ No, Sir ! God forbid that I should ! Yet, I must confess, it staggered me a little, when she said, and seemed to prove, that the order of baptism and the church catechism, make no part of scripture. For, you know, Sir, I have been told that, Herein I was made a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven ! And on this with my going to church and receiving the sacrament, I place my whole dependence for my salvation. ”

“ If

“ If so,” said Eugenius, “ I do not wonder
“ she answered you in the words you men-
“ tion.”

“ Dear Sir, why you seem to think she
“ was right in what she said, and that my re-
“ ligion, after all, is doubtful ! O, Sir, do
“ speak out ! What is your real opinion ?”

“ Really, dame, I fear it is.”

“ Dear Sir ! What do you think then that
“ poor folks can do ! How is it possible that
“ we can be saved ?”

“ As easy,” said Eugenius, “ perhaps more
“ easy, for the poor than the rich.”

“ But, Sir, how can that be ? The rich
“ may not only go to church to hear the ser-
“ mon on Sundays ; but they may have time
“ to go to prayers on Wednesdays and Fri-
“ days, and indeed every saints day in the
“ year if they will. And besides, you know,
“ fir, they may be very charitable, as Soph-
“ ron is, and do a great deal of good to all
“ about them. And therefore, rich folks
“ have

“ have greatly the advantage of the poor, in
 “ religion as well as in every thing else.”

“ They have indeed, said Eugenius, in
 “ many outward things, at least; but, in re-
 “ ligion, there is only one foundation for the
 “ rich and the poor ——.”

“ But,” said the old lady, interrupting
 Eugenius, “ you seem to be for destroying
 “ the very foundation itself! And what then
 “ can any of us do !”

“ By no means, dame Jenkins. Other
 “ foundation can no man lay, than that
 “ which is laid, which is JESUS CHRIST.
 “ And to him I would direct you, and all
 “ others, rich and poor, bond and free,
 “ young and old; for, in this respect, there
 “ is no difference. Nor is there any other
 “ name by which any of us can be saved.”

“ Yes, Sir, to be sure CHRIST is our only
 “ Saviour. And was I not baptized into his
 “ name, and grafted into the body of his
 “ church? You don’t suppose surely that I
 “ think there is any other Saviour! No, no,
 “ Sir, then I should not be a christian !”

“ But

“ But yet I am really afraid,” said Eugenius,
“ that you may have too great a dependence
“ on the mere forms of religion ; and I could
“ wish you to attend more to the true spirit
“ and power of it. The religion of JESUS
“ is a living principle in the soul ; it takes
“ hold on the heart ; it subdues every high
“ and vain thought, and brings it into sub-
“ jection to the law of GOD, and the law of
“ faith ; it is the kingdom of GOD within us ;
“ nay, it is CHRIST himself in us the hope
“ of glory.”

“ Indeed, Sir, I don’t know what to say
“ to this hidden religion you talk of. It may
“ do well enough, perhaps, for rich folks, and
“ scolards and ministers ; but I don’t think
“ that we poor folks know much about it.”

“ I am sorry for that, indeed, said Euge-
“ nius, for I cannot but think this part of
“ religion much adapted to the circumstances
“ of the poor. It is that part in which they
“ may, and do often, excell. They have it
“ not in their power, as you justly observe,
“ to recommend their religion by so constant
“ an attendance on the outward forms of it ;
“ and

" and still less to exemplify it in works of
 " charity and benevolence. But in the de-
 " votion of their hearts to GOD, and in the
 " exercises of repentance and faith, they may
 " be as eminent as any of their rich neigh-
 " bours. This, dame Jenkins, is the reli-
 " gion of the heart, and without this, what-
 " ever you may think of it, you cannot be
 " a real christian."

" Repentance! surely, Sir, you can't sup-
 " pose that we, who never committed sin,
 " are to exemplify or recommend our reli-
 " gion by repentance? No, no, CHRIST
 " came, you know, not to call the just and
 " the righteous, such as we who have no
 " need of it, but sinners to repentance!

" And do you really think, said Eugenius,
 " that you never committed any sin! Pray
 " think a little before you give me a positive
 " answer."

" Dear Sir, my neighbours will all answer
 " for me. I was never accounted a sinner,
 " I believe, by any of them; and why should
 " you think me so?"

" I have

“ I have all the reason in the world,” said Eugenius, “ to think you a sinner ; for there
“ is no man that liveth, and sinneth not,
“ We are indeed all of us sinners ; and ex-
“ cept we repent we must all perish.”

“ Yes, if I had committed any great sin, it
“ would be my duty to repent ; but, as that
“ is not the case, I don’t see the necessity of
“ repentance.”

“ You seem to allow then,” said Eugenius,
“ that you may have committed some little
“ sins.”

“ Yes,” says the old lady, “ possibly I
“ may, however I cannot recollect any just
“ now ; and I think I am as free from sin as
“ any one I know.”

“ That may be,” said Eugenius, “ and yet
“ were you to die in your present state, I am
“ much afraid, all your religion, and all your
“ goodness would leave you far short of the
“ kingdom of heaven !”

E

“ Pray

“ Pray, Sir,” said the old lady, with some degree of asperity, “ What reason have you “ to think so hard of me ?”

“ My dear dame Jenkins,” said Eugenius, “ it appears to me that you never yet experienced a real change of heart,—that you “ were never yet convinced of sin,—never “ yet truly sorry for it ; that you never yet “ saw your need of CHRIST,—never yet “ closed in, with that way of salvation which “ GOD hath graciously revealed in the gospel ; and therefore I tell you, for I see I “ must be plain with you, that, notwithstanding all your strictness in attending to the “ forms of religion, you have indeed lived “ without GOD in the world ; and I must “ add, should you die in such a state, you “ cannot escape the just judgment of hell !”

“ Dear Sir,” said the old lady, “ Your “ words make me tremble !—If it be so, what “ can I do !”

“ Go home and read your bible, especially the third chapter of John, from the beginning

“ginning to the twenty second verse. You
“will find it, if I mistake not, exactly suited
“to your case. It is indeed the sum of the
“gospel; read it therefore with the deepest
“attention, and never think yourself a christian,
“till you feel the truth of it in your
“own experience.”

And did she, said Maria, follow his advice?

Yes, says Lucy, she did; and Eugenius has since told me, that it was remarkably blessed to her. Though she had been so long, and so exceedingly ignorant, she has already acquired more than common knowledge in the things of GOD and religion. She is indeed a wonder to herself, as well as to all her neighbours; and, I am sure, Maria, it would do you good to hear her tell what great things, in so short a time, GOD hath done for her soul.

Well, says Maria, I was at first really afraid for the poor old lady. But I am heartily

tily glad it has turned out so much to your mutual satisfaction.

Dear me, says Lucy, it is past twelve o'clock ! Clementina, you know, expects company to dinner. It is high time for us to go and tight up ourselves a little !

Upon this, they hurried into the house ; and, as I had nothing else to do, I took my pencil out of my pocket, and set down what I could recollect of their conversation, just as you have it in the foregoing recital. Maria appeared to be a lively good tempered girl, who was but just come into the family ; and had, at that time, given herself no manner of concern about religion. But the conversation above recited, and several other things which occurred to her in this favourable situation, soon made a serious impression on her untutored mind ; and she is now become a most agreeable companion to the young ladies, and the other females in that happy and exemplary family, which is, I am sure, in its several branches, the just admiration of every one, who has the distinguished honour of being acquainted with it.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE IV.

CONSTANTIA and CLEMENTINA.

IT was about the middle of May, that Constantia made a visit to her amiable friend, and spent, as she used to do, as soon as the season would permit, a few days with her, in the agreeable retreat at Belmont. This you must know is the little villa, which Sophron made choice of, and fitted up for his summer residence, soon after the disclosure of his fortune, and happy marriage with Clementina; and which, for its singular elegance, and delightful situation, demands a more minute, and animated description than I can possibly give of it.

The house, which is not large, but remarkably convenient, stands almost on the summit of a little winding hill, which, though it seems to rise considerably above the level of the country about it, is by no means ex-

posed to those chilling blasts, and beating storms, which could not fail to affect it, in a more elevated situation.

The beautiful lawn which surrounds the whole building, stretches itself a little beyond the brow of the hill, on the one side; and by an easy descent, and a greater length, to a more precipitate declivity on the other. The whole diversified, in the different parts of it, with several lesser buildings, chiefly in the Gothic style, interspersed, here and there with clumps of trees, shrubs, flowers, and walks of various kinds, all disposed in the truest taste, and to the best advantage possible.

To this favourite spot, nature, as well as art, has been peculiarly indulgent. From the house, and the several parts of this beautiful inclosure, you have the different views of the adjacent country, various and striking, I think, beyond a parallel.

On the south, from the highest part of the lawn, at the distance of something less than two miles, the eye is delighted with a clear and extensive view of one of the finest hills I ever saw; for its height, indeed, I should
call

call it a mountain, did not its uncommon fertility, and its high state of cultivation, render that appellation improper.

The base of this remarkable hill, which takes in a compass of several miles, is surrounded by one of the most fruitful and extensive vales in the kingdom. The sides are every where variegated with spots of wood, green inclosures, and corn fields, which not only heighten its several beauties, but perpetuate them, in a pleasing, and almost endless variety. The summit, which is nearly a plain, takes in the complete horizon, and commands most of the capital towns and cities of the seven or eight counties that surround it; with a variety of other objects, which, at present, I cannot particularly innumerate.

After feasting your eyes with this prospect, which is both grand and pleasing, we turn to the opposite length of the lawn, where we look down almost perpendicularly, for several roods, on a length of the richest meadows that any country in Europe can boast of.

These meadows, which extend in a winding direction, to the right and left, for the space at least of two miles, are delightfully intersected by the frequent meanders of a clear navigable river, which shews itself in a variety of forms, and seems to loiter in its course, as though enamoured of its verdant banks, and loath to quit so agreeable a retreat as that of Belmont. Here the barges, with their lofty and swelling sails, continually pass and repass, in full view before you; and, pursuing their course up and down the river, mingle, at every turn, with the trees and other objects, to diversify the scene, and render it the more striking and agreeable.

At the foot of the declivity you look directly down on the junction of two public roads, one of them winding from the right, and the other from the left; which, when joined and raised a little above the level of the meadows, lead directly across the river over a handsome stone bridge, constructed on many arches, which here strike the eye in an oblique direction, and adds much to the beauty of the prospect. The united road, beyond the bridge, presently enters one of the cleanest
and

and prettiest market towns your eyes ever beheld; which, though it contains two parishes, consists chiefly of one large, well built and spacious street, rising by a gradual ascent, from one extremity to the other. The situation, in which you are now placed, commands the whole length, and you see every thing that passes in the town as distinctly as possible. A little hill, or rising ground, tufted with trees and shrubs, opens upon you at the further end of the street, which, with the tower of the principal church, rising above it, at least in one half of its height, renders the whole view, in that line, as picturesque as can well be imagined.

The meadows, to the north, extend themselves between the cornfields on the one side, and the beautiful gardens which descend from the town to the margin of the river, on the other. This part of the prospect is greatly illuminated by two beautiful cascades; one is seen falling just at the back of the town, and the other about three quarters of a mile above it. Here we lose sight of the river, with the meadows, winding to the right; but, to compensate the loss, you have such

an

an unbounded prospect of a delightful country beyond it, as cannot fail to affect the mind, by its striking and pleasing variety.

The meadows below, following the meanders of the river, stretch themselves to the west, with a much wider sweep, till, at length, they sink with it, into the bosom of a spacious wood. The direction of the wood likewise follows that of the river, and rising gradually to a considerable height, bids fair to close the prospect on that side.

But here those remarkable hills, which once formed the barrier between the ancient Britons and our Saxon ancestors, and witnessed their numerous and bloody contests, lift their blue heads, and now and then, peep at you from behind the scenes, and contribute all they can to heighten the entertainment.

Add to this the bleating of the flocks on the upland fields, the lowing of the herds in the meadows below, the rattle of carriages from the distant road; mingled with the more agreeable echo of human voices, and the ringing of bells from the neighbouring town; the cooing of the wood pigeon, and the plaintive song of the nightingale in the adjacent

adjacent groves; and, above all, the enchanting sound of the waterfalls, distinctly heard, especially in the evening, all contribute to calm the rougher passions, and sooth the mind to serious and delightful contemplation.

Thus the eye and the ear, the two principal inlets of instruction and pleasure to the soul, are gratified to the utmost of your wishes, and afford you the most refined entertainment in the retreat at Belmont.

Clementina's dressing room and closet occupy one entire wing of the building, and command the better half of the delicious prospects, and the many living pictures, that surround it. Here we find a small but choice collection of books, on subjects chiefly devotional; and here it is, that Clementina spends the greater part of her time, with Lucy, and the young ladies, who alternately amuse themselves, under her immediate inspection, in the various kinds of needle work, reading, drawing, and music, in all which, she is herself a more than common proficient.

To this elegant apartment, which is fitted up with singular judgment and taste, the two amiable friends, while they are together, generally

nerally retire, at least two or three hours every day, for rational and refined conversation. One morning, just as they were going to be seated, Constantia happened to take up the two little volumes lately published on Education; and, having read the table of contents, she said,

My dear Clementina, this subject is certainly of much greater importance than the generality of people seem willing to allow. It is, I cannot but think, to the benign influences of an education truly liberal and truly virtuous, that we owe all the finer feelings of the soul, that we cultivate and relish the inestimable pleasures and blessings of society and friendship. Human nature, notwithstanding all its boasted powers, and great attainments, is, perhaps, in its untutored state, worse than brutal. We know not, my dear Clementina, what unrelenting obduracy may petrify the breast of the untaught savage! What rancorous and insatiable revenge may shut up all the avenues to compassion and tenderness, and urge him on to acts of the most barbarous and premeditated cruelty! and

to what, my Clementina, is this to be attributed; but, chiefly at least, to the want of those advantages, which we, in this age and nation, so liberally enjoy?

Yes, replied Clementina, I doubt not but your observations are just. It was but the other day I heard Sophron read the shocking account, which Doctor Robertson gives us, in his excellent history of America, of the barbarous customs which prevail among the savages of that country, and especially of the manner in which they make war on each other; and which, as Sophron justly observed, is as humbling as it is shocking to humanity. "For," added he, "I cannot suppose there is any peculiar malignity wrought up in the natural temperature or constitution of the Indian warrior, which is not to be found in the rest of our species. Human nature is doubtless the same in all ages and climates. It is only a liberal and virtuous education, or, which is much the same thing, a familiar intercourse with civilized nations that makes so striking a difference."

But

But, my Clementina, methinks we have plunged into the depths of philosophy before we were aware of it ; and it seems high time for us to extricate ourselves from the difficulties of this profound speculation, or perhaps we shall soon be lost in the clouds and darkness with which it seems to be enveloped.

You know, my dear friend, continued Constantia, it has been, for some time, my greatest care to give the two poor fatherless children, with which providence has entrusted me, an education suited to their rank and fortune. Some little progress has been made in the execution of this great trust. Sylvia is my more immediate care. She is always with me, and I am sure, I cannot better employ my time, than in superintending every part of her education. She seems fond of books in general ; she reads well, is perfect mistress of her mother tongue ; knows something of the French ; has dipped into the history of her native country ; and discovers some taste for poetry, drawing, and music. She is modest, good tempered, and seems formed for society and friendship ; but she is rather bashful,

ful, and wants much of that ease and self possession, in company, which sets off every other female accomplishment to the greatest advantage, which every young woman especially should study to acquire, and which I have often recommended to her with more than common solicitude.

Modesty, said Clementina, interrupting her amiable friend, is the delicate offspring of tender sensibility, the constant attendant on true discernment and merit; the surest guardian, and indeed, the highest ornament of the female character: and should be cherished, on all occasions, in young minds, with the greatest care and assiduity. What you call bashfulness, especially in Sylvia, is nothing more, I am persuaded, than a little excess of modesty, and therefore, though it should be rectified, yet great caution is to be used, lest, while you endeavour to check a supposed or an apparent luxuriance, in any one part, you injure the health, and lose the best fruit, of the tender and precious plant that produces it.

I could

I could perceive, continued Clementina, that Sylvia was a little embarrassed, the other day, when my Lady Townly, and her two fine daughters paid us a visit ; and I too well remember how much I myself have suffered, on like occasions, not to feel for any young person in such a situation. But a very few years, or a little more attention to company, will give the amiable Sylvia, I doubt not, all that ease and self possession, about which, her mother seems, at present, to be so very solicitous.

I hope so, replied Constantia. But I was going to tell you that Horace is still under the care of our worthy curate, who was so kind as to take him into his family, with three other boys, to be associates with his two sons in learning the languages ; and hitherto I have all the reason in the world to be satisfied with his management. But the time is now hastening when it will be no longer proper for him to continue in his present situation ; and, I must confess, I already begin to feel a thousand anxious thoughts about his future destination. I know that many
learned

learned and good men are much divided, in their sentiments between a public and a private education. I have considered the arguments, as far as I am able, on both sides of the question; and, were it not for one circumstance, I should not have hesitated a moment to determine in favour of the latter; and should have desired Sophron to recommend to me a private tutor before now.

But I am very sensible the authority of a mother, over an only and beloved son, can be, at best, but slender; and, though I have no reason to suppose it from his natural temper or past behaviour, yet he may soon learn to impose on my weakness, and indulge himself in those excesses, which no prudent mother can be supposed to allow. Besides, though nothing could be more pleasing to Sylvia, and myself, than to have him always with us, and even supposing that he himself should have no objection to it, yet it would be by no means proper for him, especially when he grows a little older, to be perpetually dangling at home, and to sit down, month after month, and spend all his leisure hours

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with

with a solitary sister, or a disconsolate mother.

On the other hand, I cannot bear the thought of sending him to any public academy, which, to cast no reflection on any particular seminary of learning, I cannot but look upon to be much the same thing, as turning him up to the wide world, where he may possibly fall into the worst of company, and soon lose all the principles of virtue and religion, which have been instilled into his tender mind; or, what is still worse, and which has been too often the case, soon learn to ridicule and despise them! I am therefore quite at a loss which way to determine; and had I not a friend, in whom I can confide, and who, I am sure, is capable of giving me the best advice, I should be at this crisis one of the most unhappy of mothers. But before I leave Belmont, I hope Sophron will be so kind as to determine for me.

I cannot but feel, said Clementina, for my dear friend in her present situation. But I have already thought of an expedient, which
should

should it meet with her approbation, and afford her any relief, I shall think myself exceedingly happy in proposing. What think you of associating Horace with Pollio, and Leontine, in the future progress of their studies at Belmont ! Here he will be under the care of an amiable and virtuous young man, of whose abilities, as a private tutor, we have had the fullest experience. We shall be much pleased with the agreeable addition to the family ; the young pupils will be greatly delighted with his company, and pursue their studies with much more cheerfulness and spirit, than they could be supposed to do without him. Sophron, I am sure, will treat him as his own son, do what he can to supply the place, and, I flatter myself, soon acquire all the influence of a father. Should this scheme, my dear friend, correspond with your wishes, it will afford us, I do assure you, the greatest pleasure.

O, my dear Clementina, said Constantia, the kind proposal has at once delivered me from all my anxieties ! The response of an oracle could not have given me an equal satis-

faction! I feel the obligations laid upon me by this act of friendship, beyond the power of language to express!

The education of our children, especially that part of it which may be called religious, is so very important and interesting, that no one, who is not a parent, can possibly form a proper estimation of it! While Horace makes a part of your family, I shall be perfectly satisfied in this matter; being well assured, that he will have those advantages for improvement in the knowledge and practice of religion, which he could not have at home; and which, I think, cannot fail to make him truly happy in this world, and in that which is to come!

Yes, replied Clementina, a religious education is indeed a matter of great moment. But my dear friend, in the warmth of her imagination, may possibly lay a greater emphasis upon it, than it will well bear. Will you give me leave to rehearse a short conversation, which I lately had with Glorianna on this subject!

Whatever

Whatever, said Constantia, my Clementina has to offer on this favourite topic, I am well assured, will be highly acceptable to me. I shall receive instruction, and attend with pleasure.

Glorianna had been brought up from her earliest infancy in a strict attention to the forms of religion. She had learned the whole of the assemblies catechism by heart before she had entered on her tenth year. She is now in her seventeenth, and has made every thing which she has read or heard entirely her own, and can recur to it whenever she pleases. I have often heard her repeat, almost verbatim, not only the principal heads and particulars of a long sermon, but the far greater part of the enlargement, without the least hesitation, with all the ease, and propriety, indeed, that can be imagined.

One Sunday evening, as she had been exercising her uncommon talent in this way, a thought struck me, from something which I observed in her manner, that possibly, her heart might be a stranger to the power and

spirituality of the great truths and duties, of which she had been speaking, and I said to her,

“ My dear child, we all greatly wonder
“ at your uncommon capacity of memory and
“ expression. GOD has conferred a gift on
“ you which he has withheld from thousands.
“ But you know it is one thing to distinguish
“ truth from error, and to talk about the
“ great things of GOD and religion, and ano-
“ ther to feel them. Religion is not merely
“ a subject of speculation; it is a personal
“ concern. It must, my dear child, be
“ brought home to our hearts, or it can do
“ but little good.”

“ O, madam,” replied Glorianna, “ you
“ know I was born of religious parents, who
“ had more understanding and more piety, than
“ to leave their infant offspring, as some have
“ done, to the uncovenanted mercies of GOD.”

“ But, my Glorianna,” said I, “ do you
“ think yourself ever the better for the un-
“ derstanding and piety of your parents in
“ the instance you refer to ?”

“ Yes,

“ Yes, madam, undoubtedly! They them-
“ selves were certainly interested in the co-
“ venant of grace. They had made a pub-
“ lic profession of religion, and had been
“ members of the church long before any of
“ us were born, and consequently they had a
“ right to apply the seal of the covenant
“ to their infant offspring, for GOD ‘said, I
“ will establish my covenant for an everlasting
“ covenant, to be a GOD to thee, and to thy
“ seed after thee. Hence it was that not only
“ Abraham, but all his seed, whilst in their
“ infancy, received the seal of circumcision;
“ and, by the same reason, not only believ-
“ ing parents, but likewise their infants are
“ to receive the seal of baptism; and have a
“ right to all the privileges and blessings of
“ the covenant.”

“ But, my dear child, what are the pri-
“ vileges and blessings, which you suppose
“ were confirmed to you by this seal of the
“ covenant?”

“ Dear madam, our catechism will give

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“ you,

“ you, I am sure, all the information you,
 “ or any body else, can possibly desire.

“ There is signified, sealed, and engaged
 “ on GOD’s part, by our being baptized in his
 “ name, His engrafting us into CHRIST,
 “ and his making us partakers of the bene-
 “ fits of the new covenant.—And the bene-
 “ fits of the covenant of grace, which by bap-
 “ tism we are made partakers of, are admis-
 “ sion into the visible church, remission of
 “ sins by Christ’s blood, regeneration and
 “ sanctification by CHRIST’S spirit, adop-
 “ tion, together with union to Christ, and
 “ a resurrection to everlasting life.”

“ These, madam, are the privileges and
 “ blessings confirmed to us, the children of
 “ believing parents, in our baptism, and,
 “ which I would not relinquish for all the
 “ world !”

“ My dear child,” said I, “ that the faith
 “ of your parents, though ever so emi-
 “ nent, or the application of what you call
 “ the seal of the covenant, though ever so
 “ properly

“ properly administered, should give you any
“ special claim to the benefits and blessings
“ you have mentioned, is quite beyond my
“ comprehension ; and, I think, quite foreign
“ to that personal religion which constitutes
“ a real christian.”

“ What, madam, do you think there is
“ nothing in all these things ? Surely you
“ have never read our assembly’s catechism !
“ I wish you would read it ! I am sure it was
“ drawn up by the wisest and best of men.—
“ And, pray, do they not bring scripture to
“ prove every article I have mentioned ?”

“ They do,” said I, “ but it is to be feared
“ they sometimes make a wrong application.
“ I have often wished, I must own, that our
“ reformers of the church of England, as well
“ as the assembly of divines, had been more
“ cautious in this matter. I can hardly think
“ that either of these two respectable bodies
“ of men, could ever suppose such an inti-
“ mate and inseparable connection between the
“ administration of baptism, and the blessings of
“ the

“ the covenant, as their respective catechisms
“ may seem to suggest. But, whatever they
“ thought, experience and observation abundantly
“ convince us of the contrary.”

“ Madam,” replied Glorianna, “ after all
“ that you have said, I shall not, I do assure
“ you, renounce my baptism ; nor give up
“ my hope of an interest in all the benefits of
“ the everlasting covenant, so fully assured to
“ me in that ordinance.”

“ Besides, you know I was brought up in
“ the stricter ways of religion. I was never
“ suffered to keep company with wicked
“ children, to use vain words, to dress or vi-
“ sit on a Sunday, to sit at the card table, or
“ go to the play house.—I was taught to read
“ my bible, to learn my catechism, to keep
“ the sabbath, and to do all the good
“ in my power ; and, pray, madam, what
“ would you have me do more ? If, after all
“ this, I am not in the way to heaven, I know
“ not who is !”

“ I would

“ I would not have you, my Glorianna, be
“ too positive in this matter. Think it over
“ again; and, before you leave your closet
“ to night, turn to the eighteenth chapter of
“ St. Luke, and read what passed between
“ our blessed Saviour and the young rich man,
“ and pray to GOD that he would enable you
“ to make the proper application.—Yet
“ lackedst thou one thing !”

She rose from her seat immediately, and went to her room, not very well pleased, I suppose, with the manner in which the conversation had been carried on between us; for she told Lucy, the next morning, that she thought I had used her ill, in talking so closely to her before the young ladies.

By this I perceive, said Constantia, that a religious education, as well as every other blessing in this life, may be greatly abused. Glorianna, with all her knowledge, and all her preciseness, may be, for ought I know, as far from the kingdom of heaven, as Fler-tilla, on the other side of the way, who was never taught any thing but to read plays, and
cut

cut capers with my Lord Fopling at the weekly assembly.—We may possibly make our children proud bigotted formalists, but we cannot make them humble and real christians! No, Clementina, we must do our duty, and leave that to GOD!

By this time Sophron was returned from his morning ride, and had just entered the room.

“ Well, my dear,” said Clementina, looking rather gravely, “ are you willing that I should add, at this time of life, another fine boy to your little family ?”

“ O yes, my dear, with all my heart,” said Sophron, smiling, “ should you like it, the more the better.”

“ But, Sir,” said Constantia, “ we are quite in earnest. We have been talking it over. It is really so, and you must provide accordingly.”

“ Very

“ Very well, ladies, very well. You may
“ carry on the jest as long as you please, but
“ I am already in the secret. Leonilla over-
“ heard the proposal, and came running to
“ meet me as I alighted at the upper end of
“ the lawn. I saw her eyes sparkle with-
“ more than common vivacity, and she said to
“ me, quite out of breath, “ O,—pa——pa,
“ what do you think. Mam—ma says that
“ Horace shall come and live with us, at
“ Belmont,—and—I am glad of it with all
“ my heart !” You have, you see, the young
“ lady’s consent, and should Horace be as
“ well disposed as she is, I do not know how
“ soon the families may be connected in a
“ closer bond than ever.”

“ O Sir,” said Constantia, “ I will answer
“ for Horace, I am sure he can have no ob-
“ jection to the proposal, I dare say the
“ young lady has as much of his heart alrea-
“ dy, as she can desire. But, to be serious,
“ stranger things than this have come to pass,
“ and should I live to see it, I am sure, I
“ should think myself one of the most fortu-
“ nate of mothers.”

“ But,

“But, ladies,” says Sophron, “what say you to a walk? The morning, you see, is remarkably fine. Sophy, and the young gentlemen are waiting for you below, let us take a turn in the garden, where we may adjust the preliminaries, and sketch out a rough draught of the marriage articles.”

Upon this the two mothers took their parasols, and, with the younger branches of the family, repaired to the lawn: where, we leave them, for a while, to drink the vernal air, and enjoy the sweets of Belmont. The nectar of the gods was not so pure, nor their Elysium so delightful.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE V.

LIBERTUS and SERVITIUS.

LIBERTUS is a gentleman of a truly noble and liberal turn of mind : Servitius is rather narrow in his views, and a little tinctured with superstition. The two opposite neighbours, however, had, for some years, pretty constantly visited once a week ; but could never be brought to a perfect agreement in some of their religious sentiments. I have frequently heard them in warm debate, for some hours together, to answer no other purpose, in appearance at least, than to confirm each other more than ever in their different and opposite opinions.

As Libertus, one afternoon in the course of the last week, called upon his friend, as usual, to smoke a pipe with him after dinner ; the conversation, somehow or other, happened

pened to turn on the subject of dreams. Servitius immediately gave it as his firm opinion, that there is much more in dreams than the generality of people are disposed to allow; and added, that he could say, for his own part, that many of his dreams had come to pass in a very remarkable and striking manner; and that others had been very significant and very instructing.

I cannot say much to this subject, said Libertus, from my own experience, not having been much accustomed to dreaming; but I can tell you, that last night my eldest son, a lad of fourteen, had, for one of his years, as remarkable a dream as I ever remember to have heard in all my life. I will relate it to you, just as I had it this morning from his own lips; and, as you have been very attentive to subjects of this nature, and have acquired much more skill in interpreting dreams than I can pretend to, it is highly probable, you will soon be able to give him the true interpretation, whilst I, for my part, could only guess at the meaning.

THE

THE DREAM.

“ Methinks, says he, I found myself on a
“ little eminence, or rising ground, in one
“ of the most extensive valleys I ever saw ;
“ it seemed, indeed, in my dream, to take
“ in the far greater part of the habitable
“ globe. My guardian Angel, who stood
“ close by my side, and who proposed to be
“ my conductor through the remaining part
“ of the valley, desired me just to look back
“ on the way we had already passed, of which,
“ by some means or other, I had lost all re-
“ collection. On a retrospect, however, I
“ soon perceived that many difficulties and
“ dangers had attended my path, and that
“ many of my escapes had been truly miracu-
“ lous. I wanted to know in what language
“ I should best express my obligations to the
“ kind hand that had preserved me: but my
“ guide seemed to signify, that, as my mind
“ appeared to be properly affected, a parti-
“ cular form of words might be dispensed
“ with, or, should I choose any, I might use
“ such as my grateful heart could not fail to
“ dictate on the occasion.

G

“ After

“ After pausing a little, he said to me, My
“ dear boy, we must now pursue our jour-
“ ney. Upon this I immediately recollected
“ myself, and prepared to attend him. From
“ the little elevation, on which we now stood,
“ I could perceive a vast number of winding
“ and intricate roads leading to the different
“ parts of the valley, and, had I been alone,
“ I should have found myself utterly at a loss
“ which of them to have chosen. My guide
“ immediately took the middle path, which
“ he said was always the best, and always the
“ safest, that most people acknowledged it to
“ be so, though few comparatively chose to
“ walk in it. Here we met with fewer ob-
“ structions than we should have done in any
“ of the other roads, and found ourselves bet-
“ ter situated, and more at leisure to make our
“ observations as we passed.

“ The valley, on either side of us appeared
“ to be divided into ten thousand different al-
“ lotments, in which the numerous inhabi-
“ tants were continually busying themselves
“ in their different employments. Hurry,
“ bustle, and confusion prevailed on every
“ side of us, and yet hardly any of them, I
could

“ could perceive, knew what they were do-
“ ing. Some little spots appeared to be im-
“ proved by culture, but the greater part
“ seemed to have been wholly neglected.
“ Here fair plenty, clad in purple, smiled ;
“ there pining want, in tattered garments,
“ hung down a dejected head. On one side
“ of us, peace took her humble stand, and
“ diffused her blessings all around ; on the
“ other, war, with cruel aspect, spread its
“ baleful influence over half the valley, and
“ marked its horrid course in devastation, mi-
“ fery, and blood.

“ Having passed this depopulated region,
“ with much difficulty and many painful re-
“ flections ; the scene began to close upon us ;
“ the craggy rocks and thick woods, on either
“ side, spread such an awful gloom around
“ us, and had such an effect on my whole
“ frame, that I found myself, as I thought,
“ utterly incapable of proceeding any farther.
“ But my conductor intreated me to come
“ forward. He told me, that wherever we
“ went, I should certainly be safe under his
“ protection : that the dreary mansion before
“ us was the House of Penance ; that there

“ I should see many things, which, however
“ disagreeable they might be at first sight,
“ might afterwards lead me to some useful re-
“ flections. He said, moreover, that this
“ had been generally thought the only way to
“ the House of Mercy, a venerable Pile, at
“ some little distance beyond it, situate in the
“ midst of a most delightful country, where
“ the vallies were covered over with
“ corn, where the hills wore a perpetual
“ verdure, where there was no want of
“ any thing under the sun, and where, to
“ say no more, all the domestics, even the
“ most menial servants, were completely
“ happy.

“ Upon this, after a little recollection, I
“ followed with reluctant steps, till we reach-
“ ed the gloomy abode. The building was
“ nearly of a quadrangular form. The walls
“ and battlements, in front, were lofty, all
“ overgrown with ivy interspersed with
“ every noxious weed. We entered by a tre-
“ mendous arch in the center of the building,
“ executed chiefly in the Gothic style, but
“ the deepest and most gloomy that ever my
“ eyes beheld. This awful recess formed a
“ kind

“ of Portico, at the farther end of which,
“ a small arched door, fortified with a double
“ row of large square headed nails, and a
“ rusty iron grate in the middle of it, admit-
“ ted us, one at a time, into the area, or mid-
“ dle court of the building, which, if pos-
“ sible, was still more awful and gloomy.

“ Turning to the right, we entered the first
“ apartment, where we found just light
“ enough to discern a miserable object, seated
“ on a turf or sod, at the upper end of it.
“ His cloaths were rent; his loins covered
“ with sackcloth, and his head with dust;
“ his eye-balls bent on the ground, and his
“ whole body fixed and motionless. Walk-
“ ing up almost to the corner of the room,
“ in which he sat, we looked stedfastly at
“ him for some time. He took not the least
“ notice of us; and, had I not, now and
“ then, perceived his bosom heave an in-
“ ward and unavailing sigh, I should have
“ pronounced him a real statue. This man,
“ said my protector and my guide, just as he
“ turned from him, this miserable man, led
“ by avarice and ambition, was the chief in-
“ strument in desolating the wretched coun-

“ try through which we lately passed ; and now
“ all that you see of him, in his present situ-
“ ation, in the miserable attitude and appear-
“ ance of his body, can give you but a faint
“ idea of the more frightful and gloomy hor-
“ rors that torment his mind. O ! when will
“ the children of men learn to moderate
“ their desires on earth, and be content with
“ what the Providence of GOD hath wisely
“ and graciously allotted them ! This was
“ called the cell of despair.

“ The next apartment, not quite so gloomy,
“ afforded us a different scene,—On one side
“ of the room we saw two or three wretched
“ creatures, almost starved to death, morti-
“ fying their bodies, as they thought, for the
“ health of their souls. On the other side
“ were several poor deluded mortals, who had
“ been cutting their flesh with knives, al-
“ most ready to faint from the loss of blood,
“ and from their loud and incessant cries,
“ by which they hoped to appease the wrath
“ of an incensed Deity. At the upper end
“ there was another company, who had laid
“ their backs entirely bare, and were whip-
“ ping themselves in a most unmerciful man-

“ ner

“ner for the many sins they had committed,
“in consequence of which they soon expected
“absolution.

“From hence we moved on to the other
“side of the quadrangle, where we entered
“a much larger apartment, rather elegantly
“fitted up, and almost filled, on every side,
“with the genteelest company. On looking
“round upon them, they all appeared in
“tolerable health and spirits, though, it
“should seem, they had all been fasting for
“more than thirty days on fish and eggs, and
“a variety of other delicacies, which it is
“impossible for me to enumerate or remem-
“ber. These good people, I thought had
“an easy way of commuting for their sins;
“though many of them wished from the bot-
“tom of their hearts, that the fast had not
“been so strict, or that it had not been pro-
“tracted to so unconscionable a length.

“We had now but one quarter more to
“visit, which, to my surprize, I found to
“be a church, or large chapel. Here a
“young beautiful female figure soon attracted
“my observation. She was dressed all in
“white; her garments seemed indeed to be

“ formed of one entire piece, from the crown
“ of her head to the soles of her feet. She
“ was elevated on a tripod to a convenient
“ height above the rest of the congregation,
“ placed in the middle aisle of the church,
“ and just opposite to the pulpit. Her de-
“ portment was modest, and her attitude re-
“ markably striking. I thought, at first sight,
“ that the truly grave and venerable person-
“ age from the sacred desk, had been pro-
“ nouncing some uncommon benediction, or
“ conferring some distinguished honour on so
“ distinguished a character ; but, to my great
“ surprise, I soon found that he was really
“ upbraiding her, in the bitterest terms, and
“ in this public manner, for a crime, of
“ which it was, it should seem, but too ma-
“ nifest, that she had been guilty. I was too
“ far off at first to recover all that was said on
“ this occasion, but on drawing a little nearer,
“ I heard him sum up the whole in these so-
“ lemn words. For this time go thy way,
“ and sin no more, lest a worse thing come
“ unto thee !”

“ As soon as the congregation was dis-
“ persed, the sexton was so obliging as to
“ conduct

“conduct us to the several parts of the chapel, which he told us was a very ancient building. That a few years ago it had been found, on examination, to be much incumbered with useless ornaments, and, in some parts very defective as well as inconvenient, that it had gone through a pretty thorough repair, and was at that time fitted up in the manner we now saw it. My guide seemed to drop something into his hand, and we returned by the same way that we came in.

“Just as we were come out of the gateway, I said to my guide, pray where is that communication between this dreary mansion, and that delightful country, which you just now said was situate above it? There is, said he, a small back door, which has an aspect that way, but it has been so long disused that I had forgotten to shew it you. The truth of the matter is this, the wretched penitents either perish in their cells, or soon return to their former pursuits or employments, in the valley, with greater gusto and resolution than ever; insomuch that this door, to the best of my remembrance,

“has

“ has not been opened, so much as once,
 “ during the last century ; but there is a pri-
 “ vate way through the wood, to which I
 “ will immediately conduct you.

“ The first entrance by the wood, was ra-
 “ ther intricate and discouraging, but by and
 “ by, it led us, by a straight path, to the
 “ brow of the hill, which afforded us a strik-
 “ ing prospect of the venerable pile, and the
 “ delightful country with which it was sur-
 “ rounded. I can truly say, I felt my heart
 “ leap within me for joy, at the very sight
 “ of it.

“ On the extensive plains which led direct-
 “ ly to the house, we saw, at some little dis-
 “ tance before us, a more miserable spectacle,
 “ I thought, than any we had seen in all our
 “ journey. His looks were as meager and
 “ pale as death ; his cloaths hung about him
 “ in rags ; he was so much reduced that he
 “ had much ado to support himself at any
 “ rate ; but, notwithstanding this I could per-
 “ ceive, that his countenance was stedfastly
 “ fixed on the mansion before him, that he
 “ was determined to press on, that he exerted
 “ to the utmost the little strength he had, in
 “ hope.

"hope, were it possible before night came
"on, to reach the hospitable dwelling. I
"wondered to see a wretch so miserable
"within the verge of mercy ! but my guide
"soon cleared up the mystery. This
"wretched creature, says he, left his father's
"house, a few months ago, in all the bloom
"and vigour of youth, with an ample fortune,
"and, as he thought, with many friends;
"but, alas ! he spent all that he had in riot
"and luxury, in the worst of company, and
"soon reduced himself to want and beggary.
"His resources failed him, his former
"companions deserted him, the famine,
"which immediately followed the desolating
"war in that part of the country, left him
"wholly destitute of all the means of subsistence;
"and he was just ready to die for hunger.
"In his distress he began to reflect
"on the folly of his past conduct, and resolved,
"before it was too late, to return to his father.
"You see him now within sight of the house,
"and should he not reach it, or should he not be received into it, this
"night, he must inevitably perish.

"At

“ At this very instant, the good old man,
“ the master of the family, and the lord of
“ the country, happened to see him while he
“ was yet a great way off, and knowing him
“ to be his son, he ran as fast as he possibly
“ could to meet him, and, seeing him in so
“ wretched a plight, his bowels yearned over
“ him, he fell on his neck, clasped him to
“ his breast, and embraced him with the ut-
“ most tendernefs. The spendthrift, over-
“ whelmed with the unexpected kindness of
“ his injured and venerable parent, fell down
“ at his feet, and looking up, with the tears
“ trickling from his eyes, he said, in a low
“ but earnest voice, Father, I have sinned
“ against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no
“ more worthy to be called thy son, make me
“ as one of thy hired servants.” His father,
“ without once upbraiding him for his ingra-
“ titude and folly, took him by the hand and
“ raised him on his feet; and, turning himself,
“ said to the servants, that had followed him,
“ Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him;
“ and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his
“ feet. And bring hither the fatted calf, and
“ kill it, and let us make merry and be glad,
“ for

“for this my son was dead, and is alive again,
“and was lost and is found.”

“The music immediately struck up, and
“wakened me out of my sleep: the sounds
“still vibrated in my ears;—presently the
“watchman cried, Past twelve o’clock, and
“convinced me it was a dream.”

A very extraordinary dream, indeed, said
Servitius!

Pray, what do you think of it, replied Li-
bertus, is it not very significant!

Undoubtedly. Some part of it, you see,
corresponds with ancient and profane histo-
ry; some with the customs and rites of reli-
gion, as practised by different churches and
nations; some of it with the scriptures; and
not a little of it, as might well be expected,
with the reveries of a warm and lively
imagination——.

But, my friend, did you not say, “That
“there is much more in dreams than the ge-
“nerality of people are disposed to allow?”

And

And therefore, to be consistent with yourself, you must not impute any part of this very remarkable dream to the fallies of a youthful and lively imagination. No, for my part, now you have put me in the way, I am determined to keep as close to the letter of it, I possibly can.

Do you think then, said Servitius, that the several modes of mortification and penance, proposed and practised by good men in the different ages of the world, have no tendency to promote true piety, and recommend us to mercy? Some of these, you know, were of divine appointment, and the strict observation of them attended with the happiest consequences. And pray, what reason have we to suppose, that fasting, and other acts of humiliation and penance, are less proper, or less acceptable to GOD now, than they were in time past? I think, I can say, unless I am much mistaken, that I have found my account in attending to some of them.

It may be so, replied Libertus. A truly good man will not rest in the external act; he will endeavour

endeavour to make a right use of every institution. But, let it be remembered, that penance, and repentance, are by no means to be confounded: they are quite different things; the former may subsist without the latter, and when this is the case, I may affirm from the authority of my son's dream, that it cannot, by any means, serve the true interest of the soul; nay, it is more likely to be injurious to it.

In this surely, says Servitius, I must beg leave to differ from you. That man, who chooses, from tenderness of conscience, to fast twice in a week, that is, to eat fish instead of flesh on Wednesdays and Fridays, is certainly a better man than he, who has no scruples about the matter, and indulges himself every day alike. The man who keeps Lent, according to the strict rules of our church, must needs be a more holy man, and a much better christian, than he who pays no regard to it. We must put on self denial, and mortify our members on earth, or how can we hope, my dear friend, to be admitted into the Kingdom of Heaven?

A tender

A tender conscience, said Libertus, is a desirable thing ; but we should distinguish between a tender conscience and a scrupulous conscience. A tender conscience is truly solicitous to avoid every known sin, and to practice every known duty ; and is especially affected with every deviation of the heart from GOD. But a scrupulous conscience is chiefly solicitous about things indifferent, and is much more attentive to the external rite, than to the inward temper, in the exercises of religion.

O, my friend, replied Servitius, I do not much like your nice distinctions. I fear they favour too much of Libertine principles in religion. Should a scrupulous conscience as you call it, be once entirely dismissed, I should think, what you call a tender conscience would soon follow. For my part, I always choose to err, if at all, on the sure side of the question.

You are very right, said Libertus. But what do you think of our neighbour Bibulus of the Chantry. You know him to be as
strict

strict as any man can be in observing the rites of our church. I dare say, you never knew him dine on beef or mutton, on a fast day, in all your life; and yet, I am told, Bibulus will take the Lord's name in vain a hundred times a day; that, when he is provoked to it, he will swear in a style as sonorous as that of any fox hunter in all the country; that after a strict fast on Ash Wednesday, or even on a Good Friday, he will take a cheerful glass, and go to bed as happy, as on any other evening in the whole Year. Bibulus has what one may call a scrupulous conscience. Compare him with our friend Donatus at the Grange. He pays, it should seem, no regard to any of the fasts, nor, as I know of, to any of the feasts, which you think so properly distinguished in our Calendar. We only see him at church on a Sunday, and even then he is not always so attentive to uniformity as we could wish him to be. I have sometimes seen him standing, while all the rest of the congregation have been kneeling; his face has been often turned to the Belfry, when it should have been directed to the Altar; and, I think I never heard him say ten words after

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the

the minister in all my life, nor, to the best of my remembrance, never once saw him bow at the name of JESUS! And yet, it should seem, Donatus is strict in his morals, one of the best of neighbours; and, I am told, a humble, serious, and exemplary christian!

I know, says Servitius, your charity to be very extensive; but, for my part, I can have no very good opinion of a man, who pays so little regard to what you call the forms of religion.

Perhaps, replied Libertus, my charity may not be so very extensive as you may imagine. Bibulus is hospitable, treats his friend with the generosity of a prince, is what you call a good churchman, and keeps Lent as strictly as any of us need to keep it; and yet, to be even with you, I cannot but think Donatus, with all his libertine sentiments in religion, a much better christian than he.

I perceive, however, that my friend does not much approve of some things in the dream; that he does not like my nice distinctions,

distinctions, that he has no very great opinion of my charity; and the reason is, all these seem to militate against his favourite doctrine of mortification and penance. I will therefore advert to what my friend, I hope, will yet allow to be of much higher authority.

“Be not carried about with diverse and
 “strange doctrines; for it is a good thing that
 “the heart be established with grace, not
 “with meats which have not profited them
 “that have been occupied therein.—Meat
 “commendeth us not to GOD, for neither,
 “if we eat, are we the better; neither, if
 “we eat not, are we the worse.—For
 “the kingdom of GOD is not meat and
 “drink, but righteousness and peace and joy
 “in the holy Ghost.—Let not him that
 “eateth despise him that eateth not; and let
 “not him, that eateth not, judge him that
 “eateth: for GOD hath received him.—
 “For the sacrifices of GOD are a broken
 “heart, and a contrite spirit. And the king-
 “dom of GOD is within you.”

All this no doubt, replied Servitius, taken
 in its proper sense, is very right; but surely,

you must know, that a great deal of what you have recited is not at all to the point in question ; and therefore can by no means set aside the doctrine of mortification and penance, for which I have been contending. The doctrine, the practice, and the many advantages attending it, are fully established in the sacred records.

Upon this, Servitius took his bible out of his pocket, and read,

“ The LORD spake unto Moses, saying,
“ Also on the tenth day of this seventh
“ month there shall be a day of atonement,
“ it shall be an holy convocation unto you,
“ and ye shall afflict your souls, and offer an
“ offering made by fire unto the LORD.—
“ And whatever soul it be that shall not be
“ afflicted in that same day, he shall be cut
“ off from among his people.———Blow
“ the trumpet in Sion, sanctify a fast, call a
“ solemn assembly ; gather the people, sanctify the congregation, assemble the elders ;
“ gather the children, and those that suck at
“ the breast ; let the bridegroom go forth of
“ his chamber, and the bride out of her
“ closet. Let the priests the ministers of the
LORD

“ LORD weep between the porch and the
“ altar, and let them say, Spare thy people,
“ O LORD, and give not thy heritage to re-
“ proach, that the heathen should rule over
“ them; wherefore should they say among
“ the people, where is their GOD?——
“ So the people of Nineveh believed GOD,
“ and proclaimed a fast, and put on sack-
“ cloth, from the greatest of them to the
“ least of them. For word came unto the
“ King of Nineveh, and he arose from his
“ throne, and he laid his robe from him,
“ and bound him with sackcloth and sat in
“ ashes. And he caused it to be proclaimed,
“ and published through Nineveh, by the de-
“ cree of the king and his nobles, saying,
“ Let neither man nor beast, herd nor flock,
“ take any thing; let them not feed nor drink
“ water; but let man and beast be covered
“ with sackcloth, and cry mightily to the
“ LORD: for who can tell, if GOD will re-
“ turn and repent, and turn away from his
“ fierce anger, that we perish not. And
“ GOD repented of the evil he had said, that
“ he would do unto them, and he did it not.”

Now all this, said Servitius, is so full to

the point in debate, that I shall never give up the doctrine, nor the practice, nor indeed the merit of those acts of mortification and penance, which we find so expressly established in the scriptures. Besides, my dear friend, have you so soon forgotten the affecting solemnity of the late public fast, and the very seasonable and religious observation of the last Good Friday, and the many and wonderful successes, which, since that period, have attended our arms against our ungrateful and rebellious colonists, and which some of our gravest and best Divines have wholly attributed to the exemplary piety of the King, and the Bishops, who recommended it; as well as to the ready obedience and well timed devotion of the people, who were so strict in the observation of it! I could wish with all my heart, Libertus, that you were more affected with these things!

By this time Libertus had just smoked out his pipe, and, without any reply, took his leave with as much composure as usual. He observed, however, that his friend did not squeeze his hand at parting, quite so hard, as he had done on some former occasions.

-DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE VI.

LIBERTUS and SERVITIUS.

IT was but the other day, that Servitius called on his friend Libertus, to take a little ride with him before dinner. They mounted just as the clock struck eight. To avoid the dust, and the many disagreeable interruptions of the public road, they turned to the right, at the first mile stone, into a pleasant and extensive riding, which led them on, for two or three miles at least, to a large common, well stocked with cattle, and affording the best of pasturage. This common they found, for a long way, skirted on the upper side with woodlands, and on the lower with inclosures and corn fields. The turf at this season, displayed the richest verdure; and, variegated with daisies and king cups, gratified the eye with three of the most pleasing colours in nature.

The morning was remarkably fine; the flying clouds, in their several divisions, admitted the sun beams, in an oblique direction, which shed their lustre, here and there, to gild the varied scene, and heighten the beauties of the surrounding landscape.

Led on by the alluring objects which continually presented themselves, the two friends protracted their ride much beyond their first intention. Winding still to the right, they reached at length, the brow of the hill, where a delightful valley opened all at once before them. Here they alighted to stretch their legs a little, and view the shifted scene with more attention.

Leaving their horses to the care of the servant, and passing two or three clumps of firs and other trees, which had been planted, some years ago, by a gentleman in that neighbourhood, they came to a rural seat, on which they sat down, as placed in the most convenient situation to contemplate, for a while, the beauties of the vale beneath them.

Nature on every side, was full of life and motion. The larger cattle drew near to gaze; the little lambkins played their innocent gambols

bols all around them. The hum of bees, and the melody of the feathered tribes, struck the ear in every direction. The thrush and the lark led the song with remarkable cheerfulness and vigour; the linnet, with the smaller birds, touched the upper notes, while the wood pigeon and the cuckoo supplied the bass, and, altogether, filled the concert with the most natural and delightful harmony.

Just opposite, on the farther bank of the river, which watered the valley, and on a rising ground, nearly on a level with the place on which they now sat, was a large and pleasant village, with as fine a church and steeple as I ever saw. It was built on a solid rock, which rose considerably above the surface of the ground, and had, from the spot where they viewed it, a very pleasing aspect. The church especially appeared to be executed according to the exact order of the most ancient architecture, and the spire was of a prodigious height.

This sacred edifice, said Servitius, I have been told, was originally dedicated to Saint Faith.

Saint

Saint Faith ! said Libertus, pray who is Saint Faith ! a real, or symbolical personage ; a male, or a female saint ?

I must confess, replied Servitius, that I am not sufficiently read in ancient history to give a direct answer to your questions. But I should rather suppose Saint Faith to have been a real person, and a female. Faith is, I think, still found in the list of the proper names of women. And you know it was the custom of antiquity to dedicate their churches to such persons only as had obtained the distinguished epithet, which we here find affixed to it, by canonization. It is therefore most natural to suppose, that Saint Faith was a lady of such extraordinary piety and goodness, as to be thought worthy of this high honour.

I see no reason, said Libertus, why a church may not as well be dedicated to Saint Faith, as to Saint Bridget, Saint Catharine, Saint Margaret, Saint Gregory, Saint Leonard ; or any other male, or female saint whatsoever.

Perhaps,

Perhaps, said Servitius, you are ready to think, it may as well not be dedicated to any saint, or not dedicated at all.

Here my friend is, for once, certainly mistaken, for I think that all churches, or places of public worship, should be dedicated to the only proper object of divine adoration, the Great GOD of heaven and earth.

True, my friend, replied Servitius. But surely it cannot be improper to call every church, at least, by the name of some saint. The custom doubtless obtained in the earliest ages of christianity, and seems to me to be well calculated to preserve a kind of religious respect to the exemplary piety and holiness of those eminent professors and martyrs, who might seem to deserve so distinguished a commemoration.

The custom might obtain in what you call the earliest, but, I think, it could not be in the purest ages of christianity. It is, in my opinion, a species of idolatry which took its rise in the Romish church; and what good purpose

purpose it has answered in that church, the shrines of many of their eminent saints may abundantly testify. In Protestant countries, I must confess, it is become a much more harmless superstition. The names are retained, but the idolatry ceases. There is, I dare say, no more respect paid to Saint Faith, than to Saint Bridget. Nay, where the image of the saint has been long since removed, and the name entirely forgotten, the parish church is as well attended, as though the dereliction had never happened.

It may be so, replied Servitius, and I wish this may not be one sign of the profligacy and inattention of the age, in which we live. For I cannot but think, that were, what you call the appendages of religion, more strictly attended to by men of sense and errudition, it would have a good effect on the common people, and go a good way to preserve the national virtue, in which, I am sure, there is, at present, a lamentable deficiency.

For my part, said Libertus, I allow, and lament that deficiency, as much as you, but I
must

must impute it to other causes, chiefly to the want of an inward principle, the true fear of God in the heart. Nothing short of this, I am persuaded, will keep the rich, or the poor, the learned, or the unlearned, in the proper line of their duty. Pretenders to religion, however strict in attending to the mere forms, however zealous and clamorous in the support of a party, have, sooner or later, brought a much greater disgrace, and done more hurt, to the interest of religion, than the most remiss and profligate, who make no pretensions to it. But to return to the object before us. You say the church was dedicated to Saint Faith. It might be so; but methinks I rather perceive something emblematical in the structure. It is built, you see, on a solid rock; and the spire is of an uncommon height. The one very aptly signifies to us the foundation, or authority of the christian faith, the other its heavenly nature and tendency.

Whether this was the real intention or not, replied Servitius, the thought is certainly just and natural. The christian faith is
supported

supported by the most respectable authority. The three creeds, so wisely adopted by our church, the Nicene, the Athanasian, and what is commonly called the Apostle's creed, have stood the test of ages, and will, no doubt, define, as well as defend, the orthodox faith of the catholic church, to the latest posterity.

I will not dispute with you at present, says Libertus, either the antiquity or the authenticity of the three respectable creeds which you have mentioned; but, had they been drawn up with greater caution, had they been less explanatory, or more consistent with each other than they are, I should by no means choose to rest the christian faith on their authority. We have a more sure word of prophecy. The scriptures of the old and new Testament constitute the creed of christians, and of protestants; and, after all that has been said in defence of human formulas, the christian faith, I think, can only be supported, with any degree of consistency, by the authority of divine revelation.

But

But do you not know, Libertus, that Papists and Protestants, Arians, and Socinians, heretics, schismatics, and sectaries of all sorts, alledge the authority of scripture in support of their different and opposite tenets? And how then can you insinuate that the acknowledgement of divine revelation is a sufficient test of orthodoxy? No, my friend, it is necessary that our faith be reduced to a more certain standard; or, at least, that the sense of scripture be rendered more precise and determined. And pray, how can this be done, but by having recourse to the more ancient and authentic symbols of the christian church? I intreat you therefore not to depart from this sure foundation.

My dear friend, replied Libertus, cannot much blame me, nor, I think, be very anxious for my safety, while I choose to build on the foundation of the prophets and apostles, Jesus Christ himself, the chief corner stone. This, I trust, is my hope, I believe it is yours; and, if so, I am sure it will never fail us.

No;

No, said Servitius, but is it not a desirable thing, that there should be an uniformity of opinions in our church? and that heretics and infidels should be kept out of it!

I cannot, at present, be very explicit in my answer to your questions. But this I can say, that the method, which has been adopted, is by no means adequate to the end proposed. We have Arians, Socinians, Sabellians, Enthusiasts, and, I fear, Infidels and Deists, in our church, who, for the sake of the emoluments, belie their principles, solemnly subscribe the articles, which they do not believe, and make no scruple to read those forms in the desk, which they condemn as soon as they get into the pulpit. Creeds, subscriptions, and even oaths, are of no avail, where conscience and true religion are wanting. Nay, I may go further, and venture to affirm, that let a man's faith be ever so orthodox, as to the form of it, should his heart be unaffected with it, that man's religion is vain.

Hypocrites and Infidels there may be, but do you think, said Servitius, that a man who
has

has true faith, or, which is the same thing, who verily believes the articles of our church, can be destitute of real religion! No, surely, I might as well give up all pretensions to common sense, as suppose it. Besides, it is so very inconsistent with that extensive charity, which you are recommending to your neighbours on all occasions, that you will not, you cannot avow it.

Yes indeed I do; it has been a long and settled principle with me. I make no scruple to affirm that a man may firmly believe the fundamental articles of christianity, and make a splendid profession of religion, and yet be worse than an infidel.

This, replied Servitius, is strange doctrine indeed!

Strange as this doctrine may appear, the truth asserted is, I fear, much too common! and that not only among the more thoughtless and inattentive, but even among those who have made more than common pretensions to religion.

Last Sunday, Eugenius, the worthy minister of a neighbouring parish, at whose church we sometimes attend, introduced his sermon with that well known assertion of the apostle in the eleventh of the Hebrews, "Without faith, it is impossible to please God." He entered, as usual, into the spirit of the text; and, having explained the nature of faith, insisted on the necessity of it in a most striking manner. Many of the congregation seemed to be much affected by it; and, I think, I never saw so great a number of people, so attentive under a sermon, in all my life.

In the evening my wife happened to overhear Molly the chambermaid, and Betty the cook, in close conversation on this interesting subject. She gave me the dialogue memoriter the next morning, as nearly as I can recollect, in the following words:

"Betty," says Molly, "how is it that you are so very dull to night? I suppose you are affected with what you heard at church to day. Come, cheer up a little, and let us talk about it.

"O Molly,

“ O Molly, I don’t know what to say. I am
“ much afraid that I am quite a stranger to
“ that faith, which Eugenius so well explain-
“ ed, and so awfully recommended to day.
“ How is it with you, Molly? have you no
“ doubts of this kind?

“ No, Betty, I cannot say that I have.
“ You know that I was baptized a few years
“ ago, on a personal profession of faith, in
“ which I declared my firm belief of the
“ great and distinguishing truths of the
“ gospel, to the entire satisfaction of the
“ whole church. And I don’t know that I
“ have had any doubts since; and why
“ should I?”

“ I would gladly give all that I have in the
“ world,” said Betty, “ to be so well satisfied
“ as you are! But how was it that you
“ got into this way? I suppose you were
“ not always so comfortable as you are
“ now?”

“ I cannot say, Betty, that I was ever so
“ very low and uncomfortable as you seem to

“ be. I was always rather of a cheerful disposition. I never like to think the worst of any thing. But you must know, that about three or four years ago, I lived at Mr. Classman’s next door to the Foundry ; and, I remember, the very first night I came into the house, just after he had done family prayer, which he performed in the room next to the street, and in the loudest voice, I think, that I ever heard, he said to me, before his wife and all the rest of the servants. Mary, have you ever had any serious thoughts about your soul ? I said to him, without much hesitation, Yes, Sir, I hope I have. Very well, says he, I am heartily glad of it ! You shall go with us to our private meetings, and I doubt not but you will be greatly edified. I should be very sorry to have a servant, who is at all well inclined, come into my family without making some progress in true religion. The two things, which we always recommended, are assurance and perfection ; for, without these, we are sure there can be no salvation. By this time the other servants had nearly quitted
“ the

“ the room, I dropped my courtsey, by way
“ of assent to what he had said, and was glad
“ to follow them.”

“ While I continued in this family, I went
“ pretty constantly to their meetings. My
“ master and mistress were continually talking
“ to me, and I began to think a little about
“ religion. I read my bible and other good
“ books; and my master told me one day,
“ after I had passed an examination with the
“ rest of the servants, that he never knew a
“ person, in so short a time, make greater im-
“ provement in the knowledge of divine
“ things, than I had done.

“ But after a while, I began to be dissatis-
“ fied with my place, their conduct in the
“ family was not, in all respects, such as
“ might be expected from people of their
“ avowed principles; and I was determined
“ to leave them.

“ At the end of the half year, I procured
“ a recommendation to the family of Simpli-
“ cius on the banks of the Swillett. Here I
“ was taught to reexamine the tenets which
“ I had picked up at the Foundry. And
“ finding some of them to be fanciful and

“erroneous, I quitted them for others, which
“I thought more agreeable to reason and
“scripture. My religious principles being
“now settled, I thought it my duty to give
“myself up to the regular society or church
“of which Simplicius is the worthy pastor,
“and of which I have continued a regular,
“and, I hope, a worthy member to this
“day. On this occasion, as I told you be-
“fore, I was baptized with several other
“young people on a personal profession of
“faith. And since that time, I bless GOD,
“I have been quite easy as to the state of my
“soul. I think myself a real believer in
“CHRIST; and as perfect, perhaps, as I can
“expect to be in this imperfect and sinful
“world.—I wish with all my heart, Betty,
“that you were built on the same foun-
“dation!”

“Well, to be sure! and did not the ser-
“mon to day make you at all uneasy?”

“No, child,” said Molly, “why should
“it? It was, I believe, on the whole, a very
“good sermon, though I must confess I did
“not

“not so much like the first part of it; nor
“did I, perhaps, attend to it so much as I
“should.”

“O, Molly, if you had, I think, it would
“have made you tremble, as it did me!”

“Dear child,” said Molly, “how you
“talk! pray why should I tremble? Have I
“not true faith? Are not the doctrines of
“personal election, and final perseverance,
“which I hold, comfortable doctrines!
“And why should I tremble? No, Betty, I
“don’t think it is in the power of your Eu-
“genius to alarm my fears, or stagger my
“faith, which, you know, has been ap-
“proved in so public a manner.—No, no,
“whatever Eugenius may say, He that be-
“lieveth and is baptized, shall be saved.”

“What then,” said Betty, “do you make
“a saviour of your baptism?”

“No, no,” replied Molly, “I don’t make
“a saviour of my baptism half so much as you
“do of yours. I look on my baptism as the

“ answer of a good conscience, the testimony
“ and fruit of that faith, which is persever-
“ ing, and which is connected with salva-
“ tion!—But, my child, what you call your
“ baptism can never be considered in that
“ light; nor, in truth, do I think it can do
“ you any good.”

“ O, Molly! I don't like to hear you talk
“ in this manner. You are, I fear, much
“ too confident. Low and uncomfortable as
“ I am sometimes, I had much rather be so
“ than in the other extreme. I have heard
“ Eugenius say, It is much better to be hum-
“ ble and diffident, than confident and pre-
“ suming. — Besides, when I lived at my
“ Lady Heathcote's, who was a woman of
“ remarkable piety and goodness, and, I be-
“ lieve, one of your sort of people, I re-
“ member that James the footman, who had,
“ for sometime, a wonderful knack of im-
“ posing on his mistress, used to talk to his
“ fellow servants, much in the same strain,
“ that you do; but he turned out as wicked
“ a fellow, as I ever heard of, in all my life.”

“ So,

“ So, mistress Betty! this is high indeed!
“ pray, madam, how long have you been en-
“ dowed with the gift of prophecy?—I am
“ much obliged to you for my good fortune.
“ You have given me, to be sure, quite
“ enough of it!”

And, with this, my wife says, she flounced away in a grievous passion.

Well, said Servitius, what a company have you got about you? Heretics, schismatics, sectaries, enthusiasts, methodists, presbyterians, anabaptists, and who knows what! Were I not thoroughly acquainted with your religious sentiments, I should certainly conclude you a downright freethinker; and, as it is, I am pretty sure your liberal way of thinking, as you call it, is a great hurt to your reputation. Strange that a man of your sense and learning should have any connection with such sort of people; and much more that you should receive them into your family! I would by all means advise you to rid your house of all such creatures immediately.

ately. You don't know what hurt they may do in the neighbourhood!

My friend, replied Libertus, may, I think, make himself quite easy about this matter: Betty is certainly a poor harmless girl, she goes to hear Eugenius every Sunday, and feels more, I believe, than she can well express. As to Molly, my wife says she hardly knows what to make of her. She is sensible, and were Servitius himself to talk with her on some of her favourite tenets, I greatly question whether she would not be more than a match for him. She has really a great deal to say for herself, and I have been sometimes ready to think that scripture, and antiquity, are rather on her side of the question. But yet I am afraid she is deficient in the main thing, and really wish, that Betty's prophecy, as she affects to call it, may not come to pass sooner, perhaps, than she may be aware of. Simplicius, her minister, to be sure, is not much of a scholar; but he is, I think, an honest conscientious good sort of a man. He has called at my house two or three times, since Molly came into the family, to enquire
how

how she goes on, and to smoke a pipe with me. I like his company and conversation much, for, I assure you, he is a man of solid sense, a peaceable neighbour, and one, they say, who thinks it his duty to visit the poor people of his congregation, and to do what good he can amongst them.

It may be so, replied Servitius, but, for my part, I like no such canting sort of people. I am pretty sure, whatever you say in their favour, that while such folks are countenanced among us, we shall never have that uniformity in faith and worship, which is so much to be desired; and which, I think, a true churchman should never lose sight of.

While human nature is what it is, said Libertus; or, while the rights of conscience are preserved among us, such an uniformity cannot be expected.—No, we must be contented, I think, to let every one believe for himself, and worship GOD as he pleases.

O, Libertus, this libertine principle of yours, opens a door to all kinds of error and licentiousness!

licentiousness ! and, were it universally to prevail, I should fear our parish churches would soon be deserted.!

No, my friend, the church is by no means in danger, her emoluments are secure, her doctrines and worship established by the laws of the land, and bid fair to remain unamended, or, if you will, unaltered to the latest posterity.—But, after all, I think there is a much greater uniformity, in the faith and worship of all real christians among us, than you may be ready to imagine.

Pray, how so ? said Servitius, I should be glad to have that matter explained to me.

I do not estimate this uniformity by things indifferent, but by those things that are essential to christianity. Faith, with me, is that conviction of the truth, which operates as a living principle in the soul ; and worship, that sincere and ardent devotion to GOD, which is the certain consequence of it. This is undoubtedly the happiest uniformity, as it is that which distinguishes real christians who

do honour to religion, from mere formalists and hypocrites, who disgrace every denomination.

But do you not consider, my friend, that what you are talking about is a hidden and secret thing? It may, perhaps, afford a kind of satisfaction to a man's self; but you must know, it loses all the force of example, and can be but of little service to the public. Give me that form of religion, which is suited to engage, the attention of the common people, and make its way in the world.

Should you come to this, replied Libertus, I am greatly mistaken, if the force of example be not much on my side of the question. The man who believes with all his heart, and worships GOD in spirit and in truth, however deficient he may be in attending to mere forms, is the most likely to recommend his profession by a suitable temper and conduct. His hope, his treasure is in heaven, and therefore he will discover a proper indifference to the things of earth. The glory of GOD and the welfare of his fellow

fellow sinners lie near his heart, and he will do what he can to promote it. He is firm in adversity ; he is humble in prosperity ; he rejoices in CHRIST, he has no confidence in the flesh ; he comes out of himself ; and, in a word, is willing to be nothing, that GOD may be all in all !

Yes, but I am ready to think, Libertus, that this character agrees only to those eminent christians, who are well established in the faith and worship of our church.

I cannot say, my dear friend, how many there are to whom this character agrees, either in the church, or out of it.—But this I know, that the most eminent believers in all ages, and in every church, have been the most humble and the most thankful.

“ I am not worthy of the least of all the
“ mercies which thou hast shewed unto thy
“ servant, for with my staff I passed over this
“ Jordan, and now I am become two
“ bands.—I am not worthy that thou should-
“ est come under my roof ; but speak the word
“ only, and my servant shall be healed.—

“ Truth,

"Truth, LORD, but the dogs eat of the
" crumbs which fall from their master's table."

This is the language of true faith; and
unless we have felt the force of it, I am sure,
we cannot be true believers.

At this instant, the church clock at St.
Faith's struck twelve; and Servitius starting
from his seat, called out " John, bring the
" horses this moment; it is high time for us,
" I am sure, to return to dinner."

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE VII.

LUCY and SYLVIA.

MY dear Lucy, says Sylvia, running to meet her as she entered the door, it seems an age since I saw you at Belfield.

I have been accustomed, my Sylvia, especially of late, so far to indulge imagination, as to fancy myself endued with a kind of ubiquity; and I am sure, had you once seen me at Belfield, during the last three months, that imagination must have been a reality.

We will not dispute your pretensions to ubiquity, at present; my mamma happens to be engaged this morning in settling some affairs with her attorney; we shall be alone for a few hours. Sit down, therefore, without farther ceremony, and give me some account of your agreeable journey.

An

An agreeable journey, upon the whole, my Sylvia, indeed it has been. Who would not wish to have made a party, in such a delightful excursion! You know it was a few years ago, that Sophron laid his plan for the tour of England. He has pursued it, in a regular course, for two or three months in the year, ever since. His original design was to render it an agreeable diversion to the younger branches of the family, two or three of whom he always takes along with him; as well as to make his observations on the manners of the people, and the different modes of agriculture in the several parts of the kingdom. This last season was in course devoted to the western counties. We set out from Belmont the first of August. The weather was exceedingly fine. The sun shone in its full strength, and the fields were every where white to harvest. The third day we entered Dorsetshire by Cranbourn Chace; and, crossing that part of the county by Holt forest, we came to Pool, which is situate near the sea coast, and which I am told has the best harbour and the greatest trade of any town in the county. Here Sophron told us we were

to take up our abode for a few days. After tea, we took a turn in the town, and on the Key, where we had a striking view of the harbour, which is part of a large bay, several miles in circumference, and surrounded on all sides by the land, except a very narrow strait, by which it communicates with the ocean. We now returned to our inn to supper. At table, among several other delicacies, we were presented, though a little out of season, with a plate of the freshest and finest oysters I ever saw ; but just, as we had begun to regale ourselves with this unexpected and delicious treat, Leontine, who sat next to his papa, at the lower end of the table, said to him, with a fixedness of countenance expressive of more than common anxiety.

“ Sir, are oysters living creatures ? ”

“ Yes, child, undoubtedly.”

“ And have they any feeling, Papa ! ”

“ I suppose they have,” said Sophron.

“ O, then,

“O, then,” replied Leontine, “the woman that brought them into the house must have been a hard hearted wretch, indeed! She parted the shells with cruel violence, and mangled the poor things in a shocking manner with her stub knife! They looked, I thought, as though they had life and feeling, and I could hardly bear the sight!”

“The shell you know,” replied Sophron, “has no life, and the oyster itself, being an imperfect animal, may not have so much feeling as you may be ready to imagine.”

“But, papa, the nail of my finger, you know, has no life nor feeling in itself, but yesterday when I had the misfortune to rend it from the flesh, in opening the coach door, it gave me so much pain, that I could hardly endure it! and who knows but the poor oyster may feel much more than this in the barbarous operation. My mamma, I remember, has often told me, I should never kill, nor injure, could I possibly avoid it, the meanest insect that

“ crawls the ground; and I have frequent-
 “ ly seen you, papa, pick up the poor
 “ snails, and carefully throw them over the
 “ garden wall, beacuse, you said, you had
 “ no right to kill them! Pray, papa, have
 “ the fish women at Pool a right to kill
 “ oyfsters?”

“ I do not know, child, that they have, at
 “ least, in the barbarous manner that you
 “ have mentioned.”

“ But, papa!” said Leontine, looking
 stedfastly at the oyfsters as they lay in the
 dish, “ are you now sure the poor things are
 “ quite dead, and out of their misery?”

“ I cannot positively say.”

“ I wonder, papa,” said Leontine, “ how
 “ people can eat any thing while it is alive!
 “ I could not do it, I think, for the world!”

“ O! my dear Leontine,” says Sylvia, “ I
 “ shall love the dear boy, I think, better than
 “ ever!”

By

By this time, continued Lucy, you may suppose, the oysters had lost much of their flavour, and Clementina, whose eyes had been fixed on Leontine, during the whole conversation, and who was, I am sure, much affected with it, called the waiter, and said to him, "Take away the dish of oysters immediately, and bring some melons and cucumbers in the room of them, which, you know, my dear," turning to Sophron, "are much more cooling, and, at this season, perhaps, equally wholesome."

As soon as supper was ended, and the usual healths, sacred to loyalty and friendship, had gone round the table, Clementina resumed the conversation, and said to Sophron:

"Do you not think, my dear, that we could all do very well without animal food?"

"Some of our ablest physicians," replied Sophron, "have given it as their opinion, at least, that a vegetable diet is too meagre and flatulent for the constitution of the human body, in its present de-

“praved state: and have therefore recom-
“mended the use of animal food, especially
“in this cold climate, as necessary to health
“and longevity,”

“I think, my dear,” replied Clementina,
“we are not to depend, altogether, on the
“opinion of physicians. I have heard you
“say, unless I am greatly mistaken, that the
“most eminent practitioners in physic, as well
“as in the law, have given very different,
“and opposite opinions, in the same case;
“and, that you had rather be determined by
“mature observation, and real facts, than by
“the mere opinion of any man, however ce-
“lebrated in his profession.”

“Well, my dear,” said Sophron, “would
“you have us, at once, lay aside all our
“weapons of destruction and murder, and
“live, for the future, on potatoes and acorns.”

“Methinks,” said Clementina, “I should
“be glad to live, at any rate, without the
“imputation of murder. If my life is not
“to be prolonged, but by the continued
“slaughter

“slaughter of my fellow creatures, I might
“well conclude the preservation of it un-
“equal to the sacrifice! I only ask you, my
“dear, whether you do not think we could
“live without it?”

“Perhaps,” says Sophron, “we might.”

“Yes, surely, papa,” says Sophy, “do
“you not know Clarissa, on the other side of
“the way; she never eat a bit of meat in all
“her life, and yet, I am sure, she is as
“healthy, and looks as well, if not better
“than any of us.”

“O yes,” says Pollio, “how many thou-
“sands of poor people do we see, who go
“through all the fatigues of hard labour,
“who never taste a morsel of shambles meat,
“from one end of the year to the other, and
“yet enjoy an uncommon share of health and
“spirits.”

“Yes,” says Leontine, “I think, we might
“all live exceeding well on gingerbread,
“frumenty, and plumb pudding.”

“I perceive,” says Sophron, “you are all
“on the female side of the question. I will
“therefore refer you to our good friend Eu-
“genius; I dare say he will soon clear up the
“difficulty, and set us right in the matter.”

Upon this, Eugenius, who had sat all the while, with a composure peculiar to himself, said,

“I am glad to find so many of my friends
“on the side of humanity. Leontine has
“pleaded the cause of the zoophyte with
“genuine eloquence; and Clementina, in
“consequence of it, has nearly determined
“to subsist for the future, merely on vege-
“tables. All this, at first sight, appears to be
“reasonable; for if we have no right to take
“away the life, it must follow, indeed, that
“we have no right to eat the flesh of an ani-
“mal; and that for the same reason, that he
“who receives stolen goods, knowing them
“to be stolen, is equally guilty with him that
“steals them. But, though we should be dis-
“posed to give a favourite argument its full
“force, yet we should not lay on it a greater
“emphasis, than it will bear. The grant
“from

“from the great Proprietor and Lord of the
 “universe is undoubtedly conclusive and
 “absolute.”

“And God blessed Noah and his sons :
 “and said unto them, Be fruitful and multi-
 “ply, and replenish the earth. And the fear
 “of you, and the dread of you, shall be
 “upon every beast of the earth, and upon
 “every fowl of the air, upon all that mov-
 “eth upon the earth, and upon all the fishes
 “of the sea ; into your hand are they deli-
 “vered. Every moving thing that liveth
 “shall be meat for you ; even as the green
 “herb have I given you all things.”

“The right, you see, is absolute and uni-
 “versal ; but this, in my opinion, can by no
 “means warrant a cruel, unnecessary, or
 “wanton exercise of it. No, let the animals
 “in our power, be treated with tenderness,
 “and compassion ; and, when it becomes ne-
 “cessary that they should be sacrificed to our
 “use ; let it be done by the most easy and
 “gentle means that humanity can devise.”

“But, my dear sir, do you think it law-
 “ful,” said Clementina, “to ransack the
 “woods,

“ woods, to pillage the waters, to torment
“ the air, with every engine of deceit and
“ destruction; to murder the innocent lamb,
“ and the timorous fawn, that skips and wan-
“ tons around us; and, in a word, to sacri-
“ fice every unfortunate animal that falls in
“ our way, whether an inhabitant of the sea,
“ or the dry land: and, all this, to please
“ and pamper a depraved, and voracious ap-
“ petite? O, Sir, my flesh shudders at the
“ very thought of it!”

“ But, my dear madam, every creature of
“ GOD is good, if it be received with thanks-
“ giving, and used in moderation.”

“ And are you sure,” replied Clementina;
“ that the grant, you mention, is in as full
“ force under the gospel, as it was under the
“ law?”

“ Yes, undoubtedly. John the Baptist,
“ who, you know introduced the gospel dis-
“ pensation, and was remarkably abstemious
“ both in dress and diet, had his meat of lo-
“ custs and wild honey. And when our Lord
“ himself,

“ himself, chose to exemplify his power and
“ compassion in feeding the multitudes, that
“ attended his ministry, it was at the expence
“ of a few small fishes. By his order Peter
“ was to go and cast a hook into the sea,
“ and to take the first fish that should come
“ up, to supply the tribute demanded of him
“ by the Roman governor. Nay, to convince
“ his disciples of the reality of his resurrec-
“ tion from the dead, he said, while they yet
“ doubted of it, Have you here any meat?
“ and they gave him a piece of broiled fish,
“ and he did eat before them. To all which
“ I may add, the prudential admonition of
“ the apostle Paul to the Corinthian converts,
“ Whatever is sold in the shambles, that eat,
“ asking no questions for conscience sake.
“ And the reason which he assigns is certainly
“ conclusive, and seems indeed to lead us
“ back to the original grant. For, says he,
“ the earth is the LORD’s and the fulness
“ thereof. These things, my dear madam,
“ appear to me to be satisfactory; and I could
“ only wish, as I hinted before, that these sa-
“ crifices of the brute creation were less fre-
“ quent;



“quent; and, when necessary, rendered as
“easy to the suffering victim as possible.”

“For my part,” said Sophron, “I must
“acknowledge, that my feelings are not so
“much excited by the fate of the animals,
“destined to the shambles and the larder.
“Their sufferings, however sharp, for the
“present, are soon at an end. One thrust
“of the knife, or one twist of the neck,
“puts a period to their wretched existence,
“and they feel no more. It is the patient
“and ruminating ox, that, stimulated by the
“piercing goad, faints under the galling yoke.
“It is the slow and sullen ass, that, pinched
“with hunger, and oppressed with his load,
“wears out a miserable life, in the service
“of his equally miserable, and more un-
“feeling master. It is, above all, the gener-
“ous horse, that snuffs the air, the most use-
“ful, and the most abused of all the crea-
“tures which GOD hath made for the service
“of man. It is this noble animal that moves
“my compassion! whose sides stream with
“blood, from the wounds of the lacerating
“spur, urged by the cruel force of the mer-
“ciless

“cilefs rider; whose lungs pant and heave,
“and whose body smokes at every pore, un-
“der the lash of the thoughtless and furious
“driver——broken, battered, almost flayed
“alive!——no longer able to administer to
“the pleasure——no longer able to perform the
“drudgery of his brutal master——given up a
“victim to age and violence——destined at
“length——O, wretched fate! to be carrion
“for the dogs of his flock! O, my Eugene,
“ninus, how long shall this generous animal
“be suffered to groan under the dominion
“of that monster, who has nothing but the
“shape of a man, to distinguish him from the
“brute!”

“The time, my friend,” said Eugenius,
“will certainly come, when the whole ani-
“mal creation shall be delivered from the
“bondage of corruption, in which they are
“now held, and participate, as far as their
“limited powers will admit, in the glorious
“liberty of the children of GOD.”

“Amen!” said Sophron, “that will be a
“glorious and happy time, indeed! But,”
turning

turning to Clementina, "my dear, you seem
"a little tired with your journey to day,"
and pulling out his watch, "well, to be sure,
"it is time for us all to think of retiring."

Upon this we rose from the table." But,
as I was leading Leontine up stairs, he called
out, "Papa, good night t'ye, pray tell John
"in the morning that he must never whip or
"spur the old King Nobby any more."

"Very well," said Sophron, "good night,
"my boy!"

But Lucy, said Sylvia, I ask your pardon,
you have had nothing since you came in!
Betty, bring the chocolate, this moment!

Having drank their chocolate, and chatted
a little about indifferent things. I suppose,
says Sylvia, honest Joseph made one of your
party, did he not?

Yes, says Lucy, he did; but I beg you at
present to say no more of that.

Well

Well then resume your narrative ; and let honest Joseph alone to a more convenient opportunity. I presume he has not yet found sufficient resolution to make a formal declaration of his passion.

Be that as it will, said Lucy, the next day we made a little excursion to the isle of Purbeck ; and, passing through Wareham, a beautiful town, we arrived at Corfe Castle about noon. Here Sophron shewed us the gateway of the old castle, which is yet standing, the very spot on which Edward the martyr received his death's wound ; and was so kind as to give us the following short account of it, the substance of which, I suppose, you have read in the history of England.

“ Upon the demise of Edgar, who was supposed to be the founder of this castle, Edward his son by a former wife, ascended the throne. Elfrida, the queen dowager, strenuously opposed his succession, formed a strong party against him, and had nearly carried her point in favour of her infant son, afterwards Ethelred the second, who was then about seven years of age. The
“ young

“young king, however, had conceived a
 “passionate fondness for his brother; and
 “being a prince of the most amiable dispo-
 “sitions, soon suppressed all thought of re-
 “sentment, and treated Elfrida herself with
 “that unfeigned respect and tenderness,
 “which rendered him a singular example of
 “filial affection in the relation of a son in
 “law. But, notwithstanding this, the trea-
 “cherous stepmother, who pretended an
 “equal tenderness and affection, watched
 “every opportunity to avenge herself of the
 “disappointment she had suffered in his ele-
 “vation; and was determined, as soon as
 “possible, to sacrifice him to her resentment
 “and ambition.”

“The unfortunate monarch, returning one
 “day from the chace, left his attendants, at
 “some little distance, to pay his respects to
 “Elfrida, who then resided at this castle,
 “which had been assigned to her by the late
 “king, for her dower. She met him at the
 “gate, and seeing him alone, she thought it
 “a fit opportunity to perpetrate her horrid
 “design. She received him with the utmost
 “civility, seemed uncommonly glad to see
 “him,

“ him, and entreated him by all means to
“ alight and receive some refreshment. The
“ king, not willing to give any uneasiness to
“ his attendants by his stay, refused to com-
“ ply with her solicitations. Upon which
“ she insisted on his drinking a cup of wine
“ as he sat on horseback. She presented it to
“ him with her own hands, and while he was
“ drinking it, one of her domestics, by her
“ order, stabbed him in the back. The
“ prince, finding himself wounded, imme-
“ diately put spurs to his horse, in order to
“ join his company, and secure himself
“ from farther violence ; but, growing faint
“ with the great effusion of blood from the
“ wound, he soon fell out of the saddle, and
“ his foot hanging in the stirrup, he was
“ dragged full speed in this posture a con-
“ siderable way, till the horse, being quite
“ tired, stopped of itself at the house of a
“ blind woman, to which place the mur-
“ derous dependants of the treacherous El-
“ frida, directed by the traces of the blood,
“ soon followed ; and finding the body quite
“ dead, and dreadfully disfigured, to prevent
“ discovery, threw it into a well, where it

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“ was

“ was found a few days after, by his friends,
“ and interred at Wareham.”

Standing on the very spot, as we now did, you can hardly imagine, my dear Sylvia, what an impression this tragical tale made on our minds. The ground seemed to retain its sanguine hue.—The conscious earth, we thought, began to tremble under our feet; and we had much ado to persuade ourselves, that we had not been eye witnesses of this horrid deed!

After a solemn pause, Clementina recovering herself a little, said, “ And pray, my
“ dear, what became of the treacherous, the
“ unfeeling, and murderous Elfrida !”

“ She was, or, at least pretended to be,”
said Sophron, “ after a while, overwhelmed
“ with sorrow. She built a number of religious
“ houses; she renounced all intercourse
“ with the world; she shut herself up in one
“ of the monasteries which she had founded;
“ and spent the remainder of her life in acts of
“ devotion and penance; which in those days
“ of ignorance and superstition, was thought
“ a sufficient

“ a sufficient atonement for the most atrocious crimes.”

“ It is hard to say,” said Eugenius, “ whether the effects of ambition, or superstition are most to be lamented !”

Leaving this awful spot, with a kind of melancholy reluctance, and finding little else in this wretched town worthy of our attention, we dined at the inn, and returned in the evening to Wareham.

Just as we had done tea, the great bell at Saint Mary's struck up; and, by and by, we saw a company of people assembled at a house on the other side of the street, directly opposite to the room in which we were sitting. From the attention of the people in general, we soon perceived that some extraordinary event must have preceded the funeral. Upon enquiry we found the deceased, to have been a young man who had served his apprenticeship with an ingenious mechanick in that town. That, at the expiration of his servitude, he had settled in London, where he had married a young woman of

good character, and amiable dispositions, with whom he had lived something more than two years, in the tenderest endearments of the conjugal relation. That he had been sent for, with some other of his acquaintance, to attend a contested election, which had come on for that borough the past week. That in going to the poll with some of his friends, he had the misfortune to receive a severe blow on his head, from a constable's staff in the opposite interest. He immediately fell to the ground; and, as soon as the mob could be dispersed, he was taken up for dead, and carried to a house in the neighbourhood. After some time, he revived a little, and began to recover his senses; but, as the surgeon, who attended him, gave little hope of his life, he expressed a great desire to see his wife as soon as possible. The poor woman had just buried her first child, and was now more than half gone with her second. The melancholy news reached her the third day after the accident, and on the fourth the fly brought her to Wareham.

And

And did the poor thing, said Sylvia, come time enough to see him before he died ?

Yes, my Sylvia, she came just time enough to wipe the last cold sweat from his livid cheeks, and to bedew them afresh with her tears. He now opened his eyes which had been shut for some time. He looked at her with the utmost earnestness, and said, in a low voice, that could hardly be heard. What, my dear Molly ! These were his last words ; and, having seen all that was dear to him in this world, he closed his eyes, stretched himself out, and immediately expired !

And could his dear Molly survive him ?

Yes, my Sylvia, she survived him, and watched by his side, a day and a night, before she would suffer him to be disturbed, or the dress of death to be prepared for him. At length she was obliged to submit. She kissed him, however, a thousand times in his winding sheet ; and could not be prevailed on to quit the room, from the time she had

first entered it, till the corps was removed for the burial.

Supported by a friend, she now made her appearance, tall and straight, dressed in decent mourning; her face covered with a kind of veil, and her eyes stedfastly fixed on the ground. I saw her bosom heave an unavailing sigh, as she slowly followed the bier.—She reached the grave.—Dust to dust, and ashes to ashes, mingled with the falling tear, closed the scene; and after a last long look, expressive of the utmost anguish, we saw her return from the grave, with slower steps, and more disconsolate, if possible, than she had gone to it.

“How different” said Clementina, “the
 “manners of the Great! My Lady Town-
 “ly had not seen her languishing and dying
 “lord for fourteen days; and, the very mo-
 “ment she heard he was dead, she ordered
 “the horses to be put too and drove, that
 “very night, not less than threescore miles,
 “before she could think herself sufficiently
 “remote from the abodes, or sufficiently se-
 “cure from the attacks of Death! Alas!
 “how

“how vain the flight! In less than a fortnight she was brought back a lifeless corps, to be interred, by the side of her deceased husband, whom she had so lately deserted.”

As soon as the disconsolate widow was returned to the house, Clementina crossed the street to make her a visit. I followed of course, and became an eye witness of all the tenderness and goodness of her heart on this melancholy occasion. With the full tear in her eye, she administered all the consolation in her power to the distressed mourner, concluding, as far as I can remember, in these words; “I do not intreat you, my child, to stop your tears, no rather let them freely flow, as the tribute of nature, due to the memory of your departed relative; but I must intreat you to repose all your confidence in that good and gracious GOD, who is the judge of the widow in his holy habitation. Cast all your care upon him. Commit your way to him, and he will bring it to pass.” With that she tenderly embraced her; and pulling out her purse, she put ten guineas into her hands, desiring

her to accept of that sum, to defray the expences of the funeral, and her return to London ; and said to her, “ As soon as you reach the city, let me hear from you by a line directed to Clementina at Belmont ; and, should you have no other friend in the world, be assured you have one in me.”

On our return to the inn, Sophron thus accosted his Clementina. “ It is a good work, I doubt not, my dear, in which you have been employed. No opportunity of administering consolation to the afflicted, when it is in our power, should be neglected. But it is now too late for us to think of returning to Pool, as we intended ; and therefore, if you please, we will sit down and spend our evening at Wareham.”

“ Should it be agreeable to you, my dear,” replied Clementina, “ none of your suit, can, I think, object to your proposal ; and, I am sure the poor animals, that brought us hither, will have reason to thank you for it.”

Upon

Upon this, it was immediately determined ; and calling the footman, Sophron said to him, "Order the coachman to unharness the horses immediately, we shall go no further this evening ; and, John," just as he was going out of the room, "be sure to prepare the old King Nobby a good bed to night."

The conversation of the evening was taken up for the most part, by Sophron and Eugenius, and turned, chiefly, on the sad effects of the riot and drunkenness which so generally prevail at contested elections. Sophron much lamented the inefficacy of the laws against bribery and corruption, expressed his hopes that some further provision might be made to render them more effectual ; and gave it as his opinion that nothing but a more equitable mode of determining controverted elections in the house, could be at all adequate to his wishes on this subject.

The next morning as soon as we were come down stairs, the distressed widow, supported by a decent female friend, crossed the street to express her gratitude for the favours she had received, and to take her leave of
her

her generous benefactress. On her entering the room, Clementina immediately arose, and took the mourner by the hand, and placed her in a chair opposite to her own. As soon as she was seated, and had a little composed herself, she said to Clementina, in the sweetest voice, I think, I ever heard, “ Dear “ Madam, I return you a thousand thanks for “ your unmerited kindness. Last night, “ when you left me, my heart was too big “ for utterance; I had, indeed, nearly lost “ all power of recollection; but on my recovering myself a little this morning, I “ thought it my duty to wait on you; and “ make you acquainted with the true state of “ my affairs; supposing it possible, that, on a “ proper representation, you might judge “ some other object more worthy of your “ bounty, and, from the same principle from “ which you gave, be disposed to recall it.”

“ Our lodgings in London had been decently furnished, from our joint stock, at “ the time of our marriage; since that, my “ dear husband, by his industry and oeconomy, had saved him one hundred pounds, “ which he laid out in the three per cent annuities,

“nuities, a few weeks before his death ; and
“which, he said, would bring him in about
“four pounds six shillings a year. With this
“and the usual favour of my friends in my
“business of a mantua maker, I hope I shall
“be enabled to procure a sufficient main-
“tenance for myself and my unborn infant,
“if it please GOD, that we should survive
“this awful stroke.”

By this time her voice was scarcely heard ;
she could say no more ; and rising from her
seat, with a low courtesy, she offered to re-
turn the ten guineas, which she had re-
ceived the evening before.

“No, child, by no means,” replied Cle-
mentina, “I think you the more deserving
“for what you have told me. It is indeed
“all your own ; take it ; and be assured, no
“distressed object shall be neglected, or ever
“suffer through what I have done for you.”

She dropped the silent tear, and imme-
diately retired.

O, Lucy,

O, Lucy, said Sylvia, I am sure you were greatly favoured in being an eye witness to such a tender scene.

Yes, my Sylvia, indeed I was ; and, I am sure, the engaging deportment of the widow, during the interview ; the goodness of her heart, discovered in her language and looks ; and the manner in which she acquiesced in the decision, more than recompenced Clementina for her charity, and fully convinced her, it had been well bestowed.

At this instant Constantia and her attorney, having finished their private business, entered the room ; and for the present, interrupted the narrative.

DIALOGUE.

DIALOGUE VIII.

LUCY and SYLVIA.

AS soon as the cloth was withdrawn, Sylvia rose from table, dropped her courtesy as she went out of the room ; and, taking Lucy along with her, retired to the alcove, at the upper end of the garden. They were no sooner seated, but Sylvia said,

Well, Lucy, you left us this morning at Wareham, resume your narrative, and take me along with you the remaining part of your tour.

Instead of returning to Pool, said Lucy, we set out the next day for Dorchester ; which, you know, is the county town. We reached it about two o'clock. Sophy complained a little of the head ach ; and, though there was a fine air abroad, we were all of us, rather fatigued with the heat. This town
is

is remarkably clean in every part of it; the buildings are neither great nor beautiful; but the streets are spacious, and the situation is delightful. It stands on a rising ground, on the southern banks of the Froome; and is terminated, both to the East and West, by the finest corn fields I ever saw. After dinner, Eugenius left us to call on a worthy clergyman, who had been his chum at Cambridge, and was now a resident in one of the neighbouring parishes.

Towards the close of the evening we took a little walk in the fields, to the West of the town, and found the air exceedingly pure and refreshing. Our accommodations at the inn were not only agreeable, but rather elegant; which, with the openness of the inhabitants, and the pleasing situation of the place, induced Sophron to make it his head quarters for some days.

During this interval, we made several little excursions into the country around us; to Cerne and Milton, on one side; to Melcombe and Weymouth, on the other. The employments of the country people, now busied in reaping the harvest, which every where

where promised an ample reward for all their labours: the spacious downs clad in the richest verdure, and depastured with large and numerous flocks of the finest sheep; and, above all, the grand and striking prospect of the ocean, with which we were presented, from the more elevated parts of the country, and especially from the adjacent shores, afforded an entertainment, as pleasing, as awful, to many of us, as it was new; and excited those ideas of grandeur and greatness, which, I am sure, no powers of language, or imagination, can possibly describe.

My heart, for once, my Sylvia, inclines to acquit the dubious monarch, Charles the Second, of flattery, who, as Sophron told us, said to some of the nobility of this county, while on a visit to them, and he might say it indeed, I think, without a compliment, "That he never saw a finer country, either "in the kingdom of England, or out of it."

The very morning we were to have left Dorchester, a venerable old shepherd was conducted into the inn yard by two sheriff's officers. He appeared to be about seventy,
his

his locks emulated the snow in whiteness, and his cheeks had nearly lost their native red. He was clad in decent russet from head to foot, which his two daughters had providently culled from the varying fleece, and manufactured with their own hands. While the bailiffs were drinking their ale, the poor old man leaned on his crook quite dejected. Several of the people in the yard flocked about him, and we soon learned, from the general conversation, that he had been arrested in the suit of the old Mr. Gripeall, an attorney in that neighbourhood, who had been for many years a disgrace to his profession; and who was thought to have commenced this action for a debt, that had never been fairly contracted, and for which the old shepherd, having nothing to pay, was destined to lose his liberty, and be confined for the remainder of his life, to the county goal.

Upon this general information, Sophron said to Clementina. "My dear, I cannot but think, it is our duty to make some little enquiry into this matter; and therefore, if you please, we will defer our departure hence for a few days."

"With

"With all my heart," replied Clementina, "I think we cannot stay in a more agreeable place, nor employ ourselves, for the present, in a better work."

Accordingly the old gentleman, and the two bailiffs, were desired to walk in immediately. "Pray, gentlemen," said Sophron, as soon as they entered the room, "can there be any foundation for what has been suggested by the people in the yard, that there is something unfair, or at least, ungenerous in this rigorous proceeding?"

"Dear Sir," replied the bailiffs, "no not in the least! Mr. Gripeall is indeed a very good sort of a man. He has borne long with the prisoner. We have not the least doubt, sir, but it is a just debt, and it ought to have been paid more than a year ago. Mr. Gripeall, to our certain knowledge, expected the son in law to have paid it; and, had he not been an ungrateful wretch, he would have done it, rather than suffer his good old father to rot in goal; and, even now, should he, or any other

M

friend,

“ friend, lay down the money, we are sure
“ Mr. Gripeall will be very kind, as he al-
“ ways is, in the article of expences.”

“ But,” said Sophron to the old shepherd,
“ what do you think of this matter ?”

“ O, Sir,” replied the old man, “ I hardly
“ know what to say of it. It has perplexed
“ me almost to death ! But, if your honour
“ can have the goodness to hear me, I will
“ tell you all of it, as well as I can. It is
“ four years ago last Martinmas—that Mar-
“ gery died, she was the best wife surely that
“ ever any poor man had. At that time we
“ were in good circumstances; besides our
“ cottage with the small orchard and close,
“ we had a little Guernsey cow, as good a
“ milcher as ever came to the pail, a score of
“ black and white ewes all in ean, and a pig
“ almost fat in the sty. I was then worth, I
“ am sure, not less than an hundred good
“ pounds. My two daughters were notable,
“ and supplied the place of their mother as
“ well as they could. They took care of the
“ cow and the ewes while I was with my mas-
ter’s

“ter’s flock on the down; and I am sure we
“wanted for nothing. But about two years
“ago, my eldest daughter Margery, so called
“after her mother, had a mind to be married.
“I had no great objection to the young man,
“he was the eldest son of John Jirks the
“plowmaker. I thought he should not take
“her with nothing, and therefore proposed
“to his father, if he would do the same, to
“give them ten pounds a piece, to begin the
“world. But, as I had not the money by
“me, and the match was to come on pretty
“speedily, I intended to make a friend, and
“borrow the money till I could make sale of
“my ewes and lambs. While I was casting
“these things in my mind, I happened one
“day to meet Mr. Gripeall; and, as I knew
“he had always money to lend, I asked him
“if he could help me to ten pounds till May
“day, when I was to sell part of my flock.
“He seemed quite pleased, and said, Yes,
“neighbour Jinks, that I will with all my
“heart; and added, you have a very pretty
“place of your own, and seem to be com-
“ing on in the world. Yes, said I, and be-
“tween you and me, I should not want this

“ ten pounds, but for Margery’s portion,
“ who you may have heard is going to be
“ married to young John Jirks. Well, says
“ he, the money shall be ready for you when
“ ever you please. The next week I went
“ to him, and on putting my mark to a pa-
“ per, which he called a bond for the money,
“ I brought it home, and the next day they
“ were married.

“ A fortnight after Mr. Gripeall sent for me,
“ and told me that the client, I think he called
“ him, for he said it was not his own money,
“ wanted some better security; and he ad-
“ vised me by all means to give him a mort-
“ gage on my cottage, which he said would
“ cost me but a trifle, and likewise confirm
“ my title to it as a freehold, which had been
“ disputed some years before between the
“ parish and the lord of the manor; and
“ then, says he, it may lie till May day, and
“ as much longer as you may choose. Upon
“ this I put my mark to a parchment, and re-
“ turned home pretty well satisfied. May
“ day, having sold half a score of ewes and
“ lambs, I put twelve pounds in my pocket,
“ and went to Mr. Gripeall, to pay off the
“ mortgage

" mortgage on my cottage, with the interest,
 " and his bill, not doubting but I should have
 " had some money to spare. But, how was
 " I disappointed, when he told me, that his
 " bill alone amounted to ten guineas. Why,
 " says he, neighbour Jinks, you are not ac-
 " quainted, I suppose, with law business.
 " But you may be assured I would not im-
 " pose on you for the world. Upon this he
 " took his spectacles out of his pocket, and
 " read, or rather seemed to read,"

" Procuracy---Bond---drawing title
 " deeds---ingrossing---drawing mortgage
 " deeds---Ingrossing---ditto---stamps---At-
 " tendance---&c. &c.---In all just ten
 " guineas. And, upon my word, I don't
 " know any other attorney that would have
 " done it for fifteen."

" I paid him the ten guineas, and took an
 " acquittance. But before I left the house,
 " he told me the gentleman who had ad-
 " vanced the money, had called it in. But
 " as he thought it might straiten me to raise
 " it immediately, he said, he would take the
 " mortgage himself, if I chose it, though it
 " was a little inconvenient to him for the

“ present, and then it would be more in his
“ power to befriend me.”

“ I thanked him, and, in a few days, put
“ my mark to several other papers and parch-
“ ments, and, fool as I was, thought myself
“ on surer ground than ever; for taking me
“ by the hand, he said,”

“ Neighbour Jinks, it may now lie betwixt
“ you and me, for a year or two, at least,
“ without any further expence or trouble
“ whatsoever.”

“ The next May day I sold the remainder
“ of my ewes and lambs for twelve guineas,
“ and in a few days after went to Mr. Gripe-
“ all with the money, who told me that at
“ that time he was much hurried in business;
“ that I might, however, leave the twelve
“ guineas, and in a few days he would send
“ for me and finally settle the matter. I
“ called after this three or four times: he
“ was not at home, or put me off to a more
“ convenient season. This passed on till
“ about a month ago, when he sent for me,
“ and

“and told me, that on looking over his books,
“he had found himself greatly out of pocket
“on my account, and that it was high time
“to bring the business to a conclusion. I
“told him that I had called on him two or
“three times, and that I wanted to have done
“with it. But, says he, neighbour Jinks,
“have you brought me the money? The
“money, said I, you have it already! Aye,
“said he, what money do you mean? The
“twelve guineas I left with you.—The twelve
“guineas——O yes, it is true, I scorn to
“take any advantage of you or any man
“living, though the law might justify me in
“it; no, no, I acknowledge you left the
“twelve guineas. But, neighbour Jinks,
“you must know that sum is but a small part
“of what you owe me. There is, I think,
“he said, the transfer,—there is the fine and
“recovery.—There is the writ of posses-
“sion—there is the fore closure.—And
“there are twenty things besides, which you
“know nothing about, and which, indeed,
“I have not charged, for I always make a
“point of going as low as I possibly can
“with my neighbours. But, said I, pray,

“ Gripeall, how much is it that I owe you?
“ I think, said he, it is somewhat about one
“ hundred and twenty pounds. One hun-
“ dred and twenty pounds!—Well then, said
“ I, I am ruined for ever! It is more than
“ than I am worth in the world! No matter
“ for that, said Mr. Gripeall, I’ll have the
“ money before I am a month older, or you
“ shall lie in Dorchester goal as long as you
“ live, for I’ll not be cheated of my just
“ dues by such an old rascal as you are, I do
“ assure you.”

“ And now I find, he will be as good as
“ his word; and, Sir, I do assure you, it is
“ not in my power to prevent it!”

This long narrative having quite exhausted the old man’s strength and spirits, Sophron called the waiter to bring him a little refreshment; and, turning to the bailiffs, said,

“ Gentlemen, I will order you a room,
“ take care of the prisoner till my return,
“ for I am determined to wait on Mr. Gripe-
“ all, to see whether the matter may not yet
“ be accommodated. I shall come back as
“ soon

"soon as possible; and, in the mean time,
"here is half-a-crown to drink the old gen-
"tleman's health."

The chariot was immediately got ready, Sophron and Eugenius stepped into it, and calling on their friend, the clergyman, who resided in the next parish, they all three alighted at Mr. Gripeall's door, just as the clock struck ten. They found him busy in his office dictating to his clerk. The room had no fire place, it was about five feet square, had one small dismal window, and looked as though it had not been cleaned of the dust and spiders for half a century. The old gentleman made his appearance in his greasy red worsted cap, with a Scotch handkerchief about his neck bedaubed all over with snuff; his tattered morning gown tied about his middle with a piece of lilt; his slippers, an old pair of shoes deprived of their hind quarters, and patched on the toes; and his stockings all out at the heels. As he approached, his eyes stared, his hands shook with eagerness and age, and every thing about him wore the garb of wretchedness.

They

They were desired to walk in, the clerk was dismissed to make them room, and Sophron said to him,

“ Mr. Gripeall, we wait on you this morning in compassion to the old shepherd, Thomas Jinks, who, we are informed, is under an arrest by your order in an action of debt, and is just about to be delivered up by the sheriff’s officers to the keeper of the county gaol.”

“ Yes,” replied Mr. Gripeall, “ I have for some years done all in my power to serve the old rogue ; and now I suppose, I must lose all my money.”

“ Perhaps not,” says Sophron, “ are you willing to take bail ?”

With that, looking hard at him, “ Sir,” says he, “ I ask your pardon, really I do not know you.”

“ I suppose so,” said Sophron, “ and therefore we have brought our good friend with us, to obviate that objection.”

“ Very

"Very well, Sir, Mr. ——— will join
"with you, and I am satisfied; for I like to
"do every thing that is respectable and ge-
"nerous in my profession."

The bonds were immediately filled up,
and properly executed, and John was sent
with an order to the bailiffs to release the pri-
soner. This part of the business being
finished,

"Pray," says Sophron, to Mr. Gripeall
"what is your demand on the old shep-
"herd?"

"It is, Sir, one hundred twenty four
"pounds six shillings and eight pence, be-
"sides the cost, much too great a sum to lose
"by such an old knave as he is."

"Pray, Mr. Gripeall, how did this debt
"originate?"

"In money lent, and business done for
"the prisoner."

"And have you no security?"

"Yes,

“ Yes, Sir, the transfer of a mortgage on
“ his cottage ; but that, Sir, when I have
“ gotten possession, will go but a little way in
“ discharge of the debt.”

“ The old shepherd, I find,” says Sophron,
“ can neither read nor write, but he has re-
“ ally an uncommon memory. He gave me
“ this morning a very circumstantial account
“ of the several transactions in the course of
“ this business ; and, I do assure you, it has
“ made a deep impression on my mind.”

“ Dear Sir,” said Mr. Gripeall, “ I hope
“ you give no sort of credit to what he told
“ you, for, I assure you, there is not a greater
“ liar in the parish than he is.”

“ But, Mr. Gripeall, the original money
“ which he borrowed of you, was no more
“ than ten pounds ; he has paid you, as he
“ says, by two different instalments, no less
“ than twenty three pounds two shillings ;
“ and yet, you say, there remains one hun-
“ dred twenty four pounds six shillings and
“ eight pence. Is it not really astonishing
“ that

“that ten pounds principal money, in less
“than three years, should be advanced, by
“some means or other, to the enormous sum
“of one hundred forty seven pounds eight
“shillings and eight pence?——Dear Sir,
“I am confident you can never support it.”

“What then!” said the old gentleman,
“will you make me a downright rogue?”

“No, Sir,” said Sophron, “but we will
“endeavour, I assure you, to make you an
“honest man.——This is my proposal, on
“delivery of the mortgage and a receipt in
“full, I will advance ten guineas.——Should
“you not accept of this—you must wait the
“general issue.——Consider of the matter,
“and let me have your final answer, to mor-
“row morning by eight o’clock.”

As soon as the gentlemen had taken their
leave, the bailiffs returned; and Mr. Gripe-
all said to them,

“Well, you have released the old rogue,
“have you?”

“Yes,

“Yes” say they, “we have, and we hope
“your worship has got the money.”

“No, hang ’em,” says the old gentleman,
“that I have not. They have given bail,
“and, I fear, will litigate the matter; and,
“should they do so, I cannot tell what may
“be the consequence. Do you know any
“thing about them, what they are?”

Yes, Sir,” replied the bailiffs, “we thought
“it best to enquire a little into that matter,
“They came, it should seem, out of Wor-
“cestershire, and one of them has a very
“large estate in that county. They are, we
“suppose, some of those gentlemen the people
“call patriots; for they dont mind what mo-
“ney they spend in the support of what they
“call the public good, and the natural rights
“of mankind.”

“O, hang ’em, I should not so much mind
“their patriotism.—I think I could be a
“match for them too.—But the worst of
“it is, I don’t know of any attorney in the
“county that will appear for me.—Let us
“consider,

“consider—there is—But,” shaking his head,
“that will not do.—I believe we had bet-
“ter comply with their proposal, and take
“what may be had.—Come to me however,
“one of you at least, to-morrow morning,—
“and, I think, we’ll make an end of it.”

This, says Sylvia, was quite in Sophron’s
way, and, I dare say, he would have gone
quite through with it, whatever it should have
cost him.

Yes, says Lucy, he would indeed. But
the next morning, one of the bailiffs came post
haste with a large bundle of papers and parch-
ments; in consequence of which, the old
Master Jinks, was not only restored to li-
berty, but reinstated in his former possessions,
to the entire satisfaction of all the neigh-
bourhood. The son in law and the two
daughters, soon followed, quite overjoyed,
to thank their kind benefactor, for themselves
and for their father. And Margery, in par-
ticular, told me, as I followed them into the
yard, “That she had not seen so happy a day
“since that of her marriage. And that they
“had

“ had all agreed to keep the twelfth of August as a holiday, in commemoration of the good gentleman; and their deliverance, as long as they should live.”

As soon as this business was dispatched, the horses were immediately put too, and a delightful ride, in a few hours, brought us on the confines of Devonshire, which we entered, rather late in the evening, by the way of Axminster. The buildings in this town are rather low, and in general make but a mean appearance. It is, however, a considerable thoroughfare, lying in the great road, from London to Exeter; and has been famous, especially of late years, for the manufacture of carpets, on the principle of those imported from Turkey. These carpets wrought in one entire piece, are remarkable both for strength and beauty. Mr. Whitty, a considerable manufacturer in this town, by whose ingenuity and application this valuable branch has been brought to great perfection, was so obliging as to shew us the whole process; and, I assure you, we were much delighted to see a row of fine children, properly so called, for none of them, I think, could

could exceed twelve or fourteen, fitting close to each other the whole breadth of the carpet, with every stitch of the pattern before them, which they executed with surprizing dexterity and dispatch.

From Axminster we pursued our journey by Honiton, through an inclosed and well cultivated country, to the city of Exon; so called from the river Ex on whose banks it is situate. From this capital, Sophron and Eugenius, made their excursions chiefly on horseback, to almost all parts of the county, which, they told us, is the largest but one in the kingdom, and exceedingly various in its soil and productions. The hills and downs wore a very different aspect from those of Dorchester, and are, for the most part, remarkably bleak and barren. But, in the more southern parts, the air is soft, and the land is fertile. The fruit trees and orchards are truly delightful. And the liquor produced from them, especially in the south hams, the richest of any of the kind in England. It is little if any thing inferior in body and flavour to the best mountain. Vast quantities of this liquor are annually exported to

N

London.

London, and converted, as is supposed, by the art of the vintner, into claret and white wine. Sophron ordered a quantity of grafts to be sent to Belmont, at the proper season, by which he hopes in time to meliorate the growth of his own country, which, for the most part, is remarkably rough and eager.

The city of Exon is situate on a rising ground; and, with the suburbs, is about three miles in circumference. It consists of four principal streets, which divide the whole into as many quarters, and meet, at right angles, in the center, commonly called the Carfax, or four ways. The cathedral, dedicated to Saint Peter, is a large and magnificent fabric. It is accommodated with a ring of ten bells, and an organ, both of which, for size, are supposed to exceed any in Europe.

After a stay at Exeter of something more than a fortnight, we set out on the first of September, for Plymouth. Passing through Chudley, that evening we reached Ashburton. This town is laid out in one principal street of considerable length, and pretty well built. The chief ornament is the church, rather a superb structure for so small a town, dedicated

dedicated to Saint Andrew. The next day brought us, by two easy stages to Plymouth. This, you know, is one of the stations of the royal navy. The dock yard, with its numerous artificers, the stores of all sorts, the fortifications, the arsenal, the harbour, and especially the ships of war that ride in it, must afford a various and almost endless entertainment to those whose attention is at all directed to subjects of this nature; and cannot fail, I think, of striking even the most superficial observer with an awful, but pleasing idea of that vast naval power, which is the glory, and, perhaps the only security of British liberty and empire!

Returning one morning from Mount Edgecombe, a little on this side the Tamar, Leontine said, in a tone of voice, exceedingly abrupt, and a countenance the most expressive I ever saw on so young a face, "Mamma, do look, what a miserable object is there! surely the man is just a dying!" We turned, and saw a poor sailor just brought out, in an armed chair, to the door of a house at a little distance from the road. He appeared to be rather turned of twenty; his head was wrap-

ped about with a large white napkin ; his left knee was greatly swollen and carefully bandaged, a stump only, in the same predicament, supplied the place of his right arm ; a mortal paleness hung on his countenance ; and he seemed just ready to expire. He was supported on the left by an old sailor, who had come to his assistance from a neighbouring tenement, and, on the right, by a young woman, plain, but neat in her dress, a fine figure and rather handsome ; she was in the attitude of alternately wiping and fanning his face, with a white handkerchief which she held in her hand for that purpose. We passed within a few paces, but she was too much engaged to take the least notice of us. Clementina's eye was immoveably fixed on this deplorable object till the carriage took us quite out of sight. She then turned to Sophron, and said, " Did you see that miserable man ? " " Yes, I saw him, my dear," replied Sophron, " and am much afraid he falls a victim, at this awful crisis, to a mistaken zeal in the service of his country ! " " Suppose that, my dear," said Clementina, " to be the case, is he not an object of compassion ? "

" passion ? "

“passion?” “Yes, undoubtedly he is! and I
“with it may be in my power to do any thing
“for his relief.”

As soon as we reached Plymouth, Joseph
was immediately dispatched, to the spot, for
intelligence; and, in less than an hour, re-
turned with the following particulars.

“Conrade and Nancy had been play fel-
“lows from their early infancy; their grow-
“ing attachment had been long observed by
“all their acquaintance; and last Christmas
“their mutual loves were consummated in
“honourable marriage, to the entire satis-
“faction of all their relations on both sides.
“On the first of February, the day appointed
“for his going on board for the West-Indies,
“they took leave with all the endearment of
“reciprocal affection and tenderness. Near
“seven tedious months of separation had
“now passed in painful anxieties, and fer-
“vent wishes for each others welfare, when
“the Hope, Dobson, with some other ships
“from Jamaica, having had a prosperous
“voyage, came into the Sound, all well, on
“the twenty fifth of September. Nancy
“soon received the much wished for intelli-

“ gence, and ran to the beach, with two or
“ three of her acquaintance, to welcome her
“ faithful Conrade to his native shores. By
“ this time the Hope had made the harbour;
“ and Conrade, having caught a distant sight
“ of his lovely Nancy, appeared one of the
“ first on deck, waving his handkerchief at
“ the end of his cane, the joyful signal to her
“ of his health and safety. At this critical
“ moment, a boat from one of the men of
“ war came along side the Hope, and in-
“ stantly boarding her, to the surprize of the
“ whole fleet, for the warrants had come
“ down but the night before, seized all the
“ hands on board, and carried them off in
“ savage triumph.”——But, my Sylvia, who
can tell what the lovers must feel from this
awful and unexpected stroke! “ Conrade,”
continued Joseph, “ appeared in the height
“ of frenzy. He stamped, he raved, he
“ begged, he prayed; but all in vain.—No-
“ thing could restrain their brutal violence!—
“ Nancy saw him in all this agony of di-
“ stress.—She clapped her hand to her throb-
“ bing breast,—turned pale as death,—and
“ sunk away!—Her companions could hardly
“ keep

“keep life in her, and had much ado to
“bring her back that evening to her lodg-
“ings.—Early the next morning, poor thing,
“she saw her faithful Conrade brought home,
“all bloody and lifeless! He had attempted
“his escape, and, in the scuffle, received a
“large wound from a cutlass on his head,
“another on his left knee; and a third, from
“a musket ball which had fractured the bone
“of his right arm, just above the elbow;
“and was so faint with the loss of blood, that
“it was thought he could not recover. But,
“as soon as he heard the well known voice of
“his lovely Nancy, he seemed to revive a
“little. A surgeon was immediately pro-
“cured, who, having examined the two
“wounds on his head and knee, pronounced
“them curable. But the bone of the arm was
“so dreadfully fractured, that it was supposed
“nothing but an immediate amputation could
“save his life. The operation was instantly
“performed, and now there are great hopes
“of his recovery.”

Joseph had no sooner ended his tale, but
he was dispatched a second time, with a re-

quest to the surgeon to wait on Sophron as soon as possible.

“How much to be lamented, my dear friend,” said Eugenius, who appeared to be much affected with the story, “that the natural rights of mankind, and the liberty of free born Britons, should be so shamefully violated in the persons of the most useful order of men in a commercial state!”

“This” replied Sophron, “is certainly one of the greatest defects in our police. Necessity, real or pretended, long custom, and general connivance, are its only apologists.”

“But, my friend,” said Eugenius, “what is long custom, or general connivance, or even necessity itself though ever so urgent, in direct opposition to the spirit of the constitution, the equal right of our fellow subjects, and the tenderest feelings of humanity?”

“Were

“ Were a few of the thousands,” replied Sophron, “ and tens of thousands, and hundreds of thousands, which are lavished away on hungry pay masters, and contractors, sinecures, placemen, and pensioners, applied to a fund for retaining able-bodied seamen in the service of his Majesty’s navy ; or some other measure adopted which might hold forth an adequate encouragement on any emergency ; I cannot but think the effect would be more than answerable to our most sanguine and compassionate wishes. And till something of this sort is done, the necessity so often urged, can, at most, exist only in imagination. But, alas ! our statesmen and patriots, seem little disposed, at present, to enter on subjects of this nature !”

“ You see, my dear,” said Clementina, “ the wretched Conrade falls a victim not to a mistaken zeal, in vindicating the claims of the mother country on her devoted colonies ; but to the violation of her sacred laws, in opposition to the tenderest feelings of the human heart !”

“ Yes,

“ Yes, my dear, and I feel all the force of
“ so pertinent an observation !”

The surgeon now entered the room ; and, after a little conversation, Sophron found him to be a gentleman, not only of the first eminence in his profession, but of fine sense and great humanity. He told us that he had known Conrade from a child, that he had always been remarked, by all his acquaintance, for his openness, sobriety, and good temper ; and “ Captain Dobson,” says he, “ has often told me, that he was the civilest fellow, and “ the best sailor on board the Hope,” and added, that he was much hurt by the violence and cruelty with which he had been treated. “ For my own part,” continued he, “ though I “ could not but lament the occasion, yet it “ afforded me a real pleasure to be called in as “ I was to his assistance. The amputation was “ performed in the critical minute ; the loss “ of a few more ounces of blood, would have “ been absolutely fatal ; as it was, I knew not, “ for two or three days, whether the scale of “ life or of death would preponderate. His “ lovely Nancy, as he calls her, is the most
“ attentive

“attentive nurse I ever remember to have
“met with. To her care, and his habit of
“temperance, more than to any skill in sur-
“gery or medicine, I shall impute his reco-
“very. I have made a point of seeing him
“twice a day, and shall till the cure is com-
“pleted; which, I hope it will be, as his
“habit is exceedingly good, in a month or
“six weeks at most.—”

Before he had well finished his short narrative, a servant came to the door with a message from one of the commissioners of his Majesty's navy, desiring his attendance on some extraordinary business immediately. Upon this Clementina pulled out her purse and counted twelve guineas, and said, “I hope, Sir, you will be so obliging as to convey this small sum to the nurse you have so warmly recommended.” And Sophron, “Sir, please to accept this bank note of twenty pounds, as a small recompence for your attendance and care on this melancholy occasion.” “My dear Madam,” said he to Clementina, “your commission shall be executed, I assure you, with the greatest pleasure.” But turning to Sophron,
“Sir,

“ Sir, from the first moment I was called in
“ to this unfortunate man, I thought him
“ more than entitled, by the injury he had
“ received, to all the assistance in my power.
“ You must not therefore deprive me on this
“ occasion, of that satisfaction in the discharge
“ of my duty, the loss of which, no pecu-
“ niary consideration, you well know, can
“ possibly compensate.”

With this he took his leave, in a manner
the most engaging ; and left the room, as
Clementina observed, with a complacency
of countenance, which sufficiently indicated
the benevolence of his heart.

That very evening Sophron wrote to an
eminent merchant in London, a particular
friend, recommending Conrade as a proper
person to be entrusted with the first or second
command in one of the numerous vessels
employed in his service. This application,
we have since heard, has succeeded, and
Conrade, who is perfectly recovered from
his wounds, is already appointed to go out
in the next fleet for Jamaica, as master of the
Speedwell. And Sophron, on the most mi-
nute enquiry, has all the reason in the world

to conclude, that this appointment will do honour to his recommendation.

At this instant, Betty made her appearance at the head of the walk, and said, "Why, ladies! Constantia wonders where you are all this while, she has been waiting for you a long time, and desires your company to tea immediately."

They obeyed the summons; and when we shall have the sequel of the tour, as Lucy returns to Belmont to night, is quite uncertain.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE IX.

LIBERTUS and SYMPHRONIUS.

TWO gentlemen the most remarkable for the warmth of their friendship, similarity of their manners, and mode of thinking, of any thing I ever met with. Their estates are nearly of equal value, contiguous to each other, and most delightfully situate on the banks of the Avon. They have made a point, for many years, of accommodating one another to the utmost of their wishes, by exchanging inclosures, removing obstructions, cutting down trees and hedges, in some places, and planting in others; by which means they have not only greatly improved their respective patrimonies, but set an example, which is certainly worthy of imitation, and which, we cannot but hope, will soon be followed by all the gentlemen in the neighbourhood.

They

They have gone far, indeed, already in promoting the genuine spirit of society, which is that of a cordial friendship, not only among their respective and numerous tenants; but, as far as it has been in their power, amongst their more wealthy and independent neighbours, in accommodating the many differences which have been referred to them, to the mutual and entire satisfaction of the contending parties. Nor has it been an unusual thing, for the Judges of Assize, in the course of a trial, to propose Libertus and Symphronius, as proper persons to decide the merits of a cause, when the law itself could not determine with that certainty, and precision, that might have been expected.

It so happened, that Libertus was prevented, by a fit of the gout, from attending his worthy friend to assist, as usual, on the grand jury, at the summer assizes for the county of Worcester. And, therefore, the morning after Symphronius was returned, he devoted a few hours to a friendly call on his next neighbour, supposing, as he was now capable of sitting up, that some little information of what had been transacted at the
Town.

Town hall, might afford him no disagreeable amusement in such a situation.

Libertus, on this occasion, is said to have entirely forgotten the pain in his great toe; and to have entered into the conversation with remarkable vivacity and spirit. Having sufficiently discussed the leading circumstances, and final issue of two or three of the most interesting trials, and made some other enquiries, he said to Symphronius,

And pray, what have you done with Jack the mole catcher, so famous for his depredations on the western banks of the Severn?

He is to be sure, said Symphronius, the first poacher and the most dexterous fellow, in his way, of any I ever remember to have heard of. He was committed, you know, for robbing Mr. Grimshaw's fish pool; and, had it not been for Sophron's uncommon generosity, I am persuaded we should have put an end to his exploits on the Severn, by assigning him to a more honourable and regular employment, for life, on the Thames. As soon as the indictment was preferred to
the

the grand jury, I could perceive that most of the gentlemen, especially on that side the county, were by no means averse to the business; they examined the evidence, and with one consent, pronounced it, "A true bill."

When the poor fellow came upon his trial, it was found that he had no one to plead for him, nor could he by any means muster money sufficient to fee counsel. Upon this, Sophron took aside one of the most eminent in the profession, and gave him five guineas, with a strict charge to do the best he could for the prisoner.

The first witness deposed, "That to his certain knowledge, the prisoner at the bar had taken, during the last season only, no less than twenty coveys of partridges; that he had ginned upwards of threescore hares, and drained two or three of the largest fish pools in the single manor of Belmont.—— He had no more to say, and was ordered down immediately.

The second witness made oath, "That on searching the house, where the prisoner lodged, for stolen goods, last winter, he saw

O

"there

“ there an astonishing number of gins, and
“ other engines, which he could not but
“ think were more than sufficient to destroy all
“ the game for ten miles round, and that he
“ really thought him to be one of the greatest
“ rogues in all that country.”

The third witness came nearer to the point, and declared, “ That he saw the prisoner on
“ the tenth of June last, very early in the
“ morning, making off, as fast as he could,
“ from Mr. Grimshaw’s fish pool, across the
“ adjoining ground, with a large bag on his
“ back, and that he was sure he had been
“ robbing the pool; for, on going up to it,
“ he saw two or three fish, which, no doubt
“ the prisoner in his hurry had left behind
“ him, quite dead on the ground.”

The fourth and last witness, a young woman, who had been a favourite servant in the family of Mr. Grimshaw, deposed,
“ That she well knew the prisoner at the bar,
“ and, that on the forenoon of the same tenth
“ of June last, he called at her house, and
“ offered some fish to sale, which she was
“ well assured he had stolen that morning,
“ from

“from one of the pools belonging to her late master.”

The evidence was now closed, and Mr. Grimshaw's counsel, having expatiated at large on the well known bad character of the prisoner; the dangerous and atrocious nature of the crime for which he stood indicted; and, above all, on the remarkable precision, concatenation, and agreement of the evidence against him, recommended it in the strongest terms to the jury, under the direction of his lordship, to find him guilty.

The gentlemen, I could perceive, were much pleased, and seemed quite confident that the jurors would discharge their duty on this occasion, and deliver them from all apprehensions for the future safety of their carp and their venison.

But how great was their surprize, when the learned serjeant got up, and addressed himself to the court nearly in the following words:

“My Lord, and you gentlemen of the jury, give me leave to animadvert a little on the nature of the evidence before you. The first witness, should there be any truth

“ at all in what he has said, must certainly
“ have been an accomplice with the prison-
“ er ; for, unless this was the case, how could
“ he say, that, to his certain knowledge,
“ such a precise quantity of game had been
“ destroyed the last season in the manor of
“ Belmont. And as to the prodigious num-
“ ber of gins and other engines, said to have
“ been found in possession of the prisoner,
“ they were, in all probability, no other than
“ the proper instruments which he is obliged
“ to make use of, in his lawful and very
“ laudable employment of a mole catcher.
“ But, supposing there should be no mistake
“ or collusion in the two former depositions,
“ you need not be told that neither has the
“ least connection with the indictment be-
“ fore you, and that consequently both of
“ them are to be totally rejected.

“ I must likewise beg leave to observe, that
“ the allegations of the other two witnesses
“ are materially defective. The man who
“ comes nearest to the proof, has tacitly ac-
“ knowledged, that he did not so much as see
“ the prisoner within the inclosure, which
“ contains the fish pool supposed to have been
“ robbed.

“robbed. And the bag at his back, though
“so great an emphasis has been laid upon it
“in the opposite pleadings, is manifestly no
“more than the well known and necessary
“appendage of his lawful and daily calling.
“Nay, the very circumstance which my very
“learned brother has held up to you as the
“clearest evidence of his guilt, appears to
“me, and on a little reflection, I doubt not,
“will to you, as the most certain proof of
“his innocence. For, had the pool been
“robbed, at the time alledged by the witness,
“the fish which were found on the bank,
“must have retained at least some signs of
“life; but, he says they were on the con-
“trary quite dead and motionless.—The tes-
“timony of the young woman is still less to
“the purpose. The fish which the prisoner
“is said to have offered to sale, might have
“been, and doubtless were, his lawful pro-
“perty. The same kind are known to abound
“in many parts of the Severn, which I am
“told is a free river. Besides, had the fish,
“in question, been really stolen out of Mr.
“Grimshaw’s pond, can it be supposed, that
“the prisoner would have been so very im-

“ prudent, as to offer them to public sale, in
“ the same village, on the same day, and
“ especially to a person who was well
“ known to be so intimately connected with
“ that gentleman! No, my Lord, such a
“ supposition exceeds all belief. I only add,
“ surely the old adage, Give a man a bad
“ name, and you half hang him, was never
“ applied to any one with greater propriety
“ than to the unfortunate prisoner at the bar!
“ But, gentlemen, shall it be said, that you
“ deprive an useful member of society of his
“ liberty, and adjudge an innocent man to
“ hard labour for life, a punishment which,
“ perhaps, he may justly account worse than
“ death, on a mere presumption of guilt.—
“ No, gentlemen, I may safely leave it to
“ your decision. Nay, I have the greatest
“ confidence, that your honest verdict, under
“ the direction of his lordship, will announce
“ his immediate discharge.”

His Lordship subjoined, “ Gentlemen of
“ the jury, you have heard the evidence, if
“ you think it sufficient to support the indict-
“ ment, you will find the prisoner guilty;
“ but,

“but, if not, you will of course, declare
“him innocent.”

In less than one minute, the foreman was
heard to say, “Not guilty, my Lord!”

I do not wonder, said Libertus, at the verdict of the jury. The little freeholders, who compose the panel, are not, you know, permitted, by the statute law of this realm, to kill any kind of game, even on their own estates. This prohibition they will always interpret a direct violation of their natural rights. Besides, at the death of one hare, achieved by a qualified gentleman, with a pack of dogs and a posse of people to attend him, a single freeholder, or his tenant, may sustain, in all probability, a real loss in his grafs and corn, his fences and cattle, which the utmost value, perhaps, of half the game in the county may not be sufficient to compensate. And therefore it is to be expected, that, in all such cases, the jury will be on the side of the prisoner.—But what could induce Sophron to favour so notorious an offender?

I verily believe, said Symphronius, his motives were purely christian. I asked him the question. His answer was, "My conduct, respecting that man, can only, perhaps, be justified from the injury he has done me; and should this token of my forgiveness bring him to repentance, I shall think myself amply and happily rewarded."

But I fear, said Libertus, there is little room to expect it.

I don't know that, replied Symphronius, The poor fellow came to the inn the next morning, enquired for Sophron, and being admitted into the room where he sat, he fell down at his feet, and said, "O! Sir! how could you forgive so vile a wretch as I am! Your goodness alone has saved me from destruction, from a punishment, which I dreaded more than death! but a punishment, I freely confess it, which I have a thousand times deserved! Your kindness has, I hope, reached my heart, and I can only express my gratitude by the solemn
"vow

"vow, which I now make, never, never to
"abuse it!"

Sophron replied, "John, come to me at
"Belmont the twenty ninth of September
"next, and then, should you continue in the
"same mind, I may, perhaps, find some pro-
"per employment for you."

"O, Sir," said he, "I am not worthy to
"come under your roof, but I will be your
"devoted servant for ever?"

The doctrine of forgiveness, in its utmost
extent, said Libertus, is abundantly incul-
cated by the great author of our religion.
"Love your enemies; bless them that curse
"you, and pray for them that despitefully
"use you. Be merciful as your father which
"is in heaven is merciful. Judge not that
"ye be not judged. Forgive, and ye shall
"be forgiven." And surely he was the most
perfect example, himself, of what he so pow-
erfully inculcated on others. "Father, for-
"give them, for they know not what they
"do!"

This

This duty, said Symphronius, is obvious, the obligation is generally admitted ; but the performance is a desideratum in modern christianity. Those among us who call themselves gentlemen as well as christians, generally settle all their accounts of this kind, at the point of the sword, or the muzzle of the pistol.

Yes, says Libertus, and to vindicate their claim to one of those characters, shew themselves utterly unworthy of the other. But while we leave the more refined and elevated part of our species in the unenvied possession of these imaginary honours, we cannot but lament the prevalency of the same spirit, which too frequently discovers itself, though in different forms, in the subordinate ranks of mankind.

A friend of mine, subjoined Symphronius, long since said, " It is pride that cramps the organs of speech, and makes the words, I am mistaken, so hard to be pronounced in every language."

The

The lesson is indeed hard to learn, said Libertus; but the gentleman and the christian, the characters are compatible, nay much nearer in alliance than is generally imagined;—The gentleman and the christian should make it his duty to acquire a facility in the practice of it; and, while he exacts it of none, should inculcate it, by his own example, on all around him.

Neither Sophron nor Eugenius, two of the most irreproachable characters in the world, have escaped the rage of obloquy and slander; but it has been an invariable maxim with both of them never to resent any thing of this kind; which they have always thought the best method of vindicating their innocence.

Yes, undoubtedly, replied Symphronius, you may attack a man that is innocent, for the most part with impunity; but should you happen to accuse a man that is guilty, depend upon it, he fires with resentment, and will never forgive you.

No,

No, says Libertus, it can hardly be expected. This part of christian charity, notwithstanding the two or three living examples which have been adduced, I am sorry to say it, is certainly in a state of great declension.

But, says Symphronius, it may afford us some consolation to reflect, that the other branches of this eminent virtue are much more cultivated among us than formerly. The gloomy dæmon of superstition, bigotry, and persecution, is already obliged to sculk into corners, and will, I hope, ere long be totally expelled this land of light and liberty.

Would to GOD, said Libertus, it might! and from all lands; and no more return to deluge the earth in misery and blood!

Since the revolution, the glorious and happy era of civil and religious liberty, continued Symphronius, the rights of private judgement, and free enquiry, have been generally allowed. The much feared consequences of suffering every man to think for himself

himself in matters of religion and conscience, so long the hobgoblin of church and state, if not quite vanished, appears only now and then, as a mere harmless visionary spectre.

An attempt, however, replied Libertus, to conjure it up afresh, was made, not long since, in an august assembly, with a design to prevent the supposed ill effects of a more extensive toleration. And, it must be confessed, that the venerable bench of bishops seemed, for the most part, to have been affected with a kind of panic on the occasion. And yet, to give their lordships their due, they acknowledged, with great frankness, the laws now subsisting against nonconformity too severe to be put in force; and the idea of persecution for conscience sake, in every form of it, abhorrent to christianity.

But, said Symphronius, I cannot think, that either the friends to liberty, or laws, are much obliged to their lordships for this concession. To pass a law, or to plead for the continuance of a law, which is acknowledged to be too severe, and never intended

to

to be put into execution, on that account, is, of all solecisms in legislation, the most pernicious. It has a manifest tendency to invalidate the force and operation of all law; or, at least to abate that reverence of legislation in the minds of the people, which after all, perhaps, is the best security of the law, and the most powerful motive to engage our ready obedience to it; and therefore due care should be always taken, in framing laws, to preserve and cherish this principle. Besides such a connivance as is here supposed, however just it may be in its application to particular persons, has yet, if possible, with respect to the public, a more alarming tendency. It not only invalidates the force of law, but assumes a power, either in the people or the magistrate, superior to law; a power which not only saps the foundation of constitutional government, but points the direct road to tyranny and despotism. I could wish, however, for the honour of humanity and the church of England, that a more extensive toleration were admitted; or that all the penal laws, which militate against the rights of conscience,

conscience, were no longer suffered to disgrace the British code.

But, said Libertus, we must wait with patience a more favourable opportunity. It may not be in our power at present to procure the law, but it is in our power, and therefore let us do all we can, to cultivate the spirit, of a general toleration.

Yes, says Symphronius, by all means.— But what says a clergyman of our church, in this enlightened age, and one too who professes himself to be a philosopher, and, what is still more, a preacher of benevolence:—
 “I earnestly wish for the prosperity of
 “the church and state, that a temperate
 “and judicious exertion of some of our
 “penal laws, against which a virulent
 “and ungrateful clamour hath of late been
 “raised, because they were dormant, might
 “oblige the presbyterians to desist from their
 “obstinate and arrogant claims,—which
 “they call petitions.”

Poor

Poor man ! if a beneficed clergyman, and a philosopher can be called poor, how sincere and poignant his concern for the peace and prosperity of the church and state, so dangerously and daringly disturbed, and interrupted by the obstinate and arrogant claims of the presbyterians !—Obstinate and arrogant claims indeed ! not to share in the very moderate honours and emoluments of the church, not to be countenanced and assisted by the state, not to be admitted to places of trust and profit under the government, not to be exempted from tythes and offerings for the support of the established worship, no, such trifles as these might have been borne with ; but to be exempted from the penalty of certain laws which may affect their liberty and their life,—to make the bible the rule of their faith and practice.—To think for themselves and follow the dictates of conscience in matters of religion, and be permitted to support the worship of GOD among themselves by voluntary subscriptions. Obstinate and arrogant claims indeed ! sufficient, no doubt, to alarm the fears, and provoke the anger of the gravest Philosopher ! Yes, and this is
not

not all, they have raised an ungrateful and virulent clamour against those penal laws, "Because they are dormant."—Here surely, the logician eclipses the philosopher. They raise an ungrateful and virulent clamour, not because these laws have been executed in some instances with rigour, not because they are still in full force, and may be revived at pleasure; but because they are dormant. O, ye haughty and restless presbyterians! What, in the name of common sense, would you be at! Will you never learn to be wise and quiet! Do you not know that such a dreadful outcry, such a virulent clamour as you have raised is the most likely means in the world to awake these same dormant laws to the loss of your liberty and lives? O, for shame! for shame! be quiet,—hush—hush, let me intreat you to be quiet!

But is there no mitigation! Yes, "I earnestly wish that a temperate and judicious exertion of some of our penal laws might, &c." Which of these penal laws are to be exerted; and how temperate and how judicious that exertion is to be, we must leave to this good man, this benevolent preacher,

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to

to determine. But when some of these penal laws are to be exerted, how shall we know which of them may be adjudged the most proper? for it should seem, all of them are not to be adopted. Or what assurance have we that the exertion, so ardently wished for, will be attended, when it shall take place, in all cases, with that temper and moderation which our author has so compassionately recommended! Some difficulties, however, on the propriety and execution of this measure may be suggested. The exertion of those penal laws, however temperate and judicious, may possibly raise another ungrateful clamour, as destructive to the peace and prosperity of the church and state as the former. That virulent and ungrateful clamour was heard, and had, you know, a great effect in the lower house. The lords, indeed, were wiser. They found means, some how or other, to stop the orifice, lest the insufferable clangour should injure the drum of the ear, a delicate organ, and convey an ungrateful truth to the sensorium. Aided by this happy expedient, it passed off without any of those
alarming

alarming consequences which had been apprehended.

The presbyterians, arrogant and restless as they are, urged their claims it should seem after all, "In petitions," in a mode the most perfectly constitutional, and the most perfectly peaceable!—True, they were encouraged, by some of the most respectable in both houses, to repeat their application. They did repeat it accordingly; and they gained some ground. But here—for reasons well known—without clamour—without complaint—they desisted.—These considerations might have been sufficient to calm the fears of this benevolent author; or at least, to have reminded him that his expedient was now become quite unnecessary. To talk of compelling the presbyterians to do that by an exertion of the penal laws, which they have long since done of their own accord, and which can be but once done, seems to fall short of that precision, which should mark the ideas of the logician and the philosopher.

Well said, Libertus, you will pass by and by, for a downright sectary.

I may assure my friend and the world, with the greatest truth, that I am not a presbyterian.

To be consistent with this declaration and your avowed principles, said Libertus, take your author on the opposite side of the question, and do what you can to remove the unfavourable impression, which your strictures have made on so worthy a character.

I will, replied Symphronius, and it affords me, I do assure you, a real pleasure that he has himself made the task so easy. I can do it in his own words, he says in another part of his book, "I should hate myself if I had
"a particle of the inquisitorial spirit: and if
"I had the power of an emperor, I would
"not hurt a hair of a man's head, who dis-
"sented from me in matters of religion."

However striking the contrast, I give him credit for the last quotation in preference to the former. And surely he will forgive me,
for

for I had much rather accuse him, and myself too, of inconsistency, than of uncharitableness.

Eudotus, a very worthy clergyman, says Libertus, officiated a few years ago, at one of the mother churches, in our neighbourhood. Honestus, at the same time, presided over a society of protestant dissenters in the same district. The two friends, for so I may justly call them, were sincerely, and perhaps equally desirous of promoting the interest of real religion in their respective congregations. It so happened that an elderly gentlewoman, of a neighbouring parish, had occasionally attended at both their places of worship, and had been, it should seem, remarkably edified by their ministry. Under that of Eudotus, she had been convinced of sin, and under that of Honestus, of righteousness, or of the way of salvation by faith in CHRIST JESUS. Her attachment to each of them was equally warm and affectionate; and she could hardly tell to which she owed the greater obligations. After a while, however, she was desirous of entering into a closer con-

nection with the people under the care of Honestus. She conversed freely with him on the subject. He had all the reason in the world to be satisfied with her faith and experience. He found, however, by something which she accidentally dropped, in the course of her conversation, that she did not make conscience of seceding from the established church; and therefore, without using any argument to convince her of the propriety of such a secession, he advised her, by all means, to continue her communion with Eudotus; which, he thought, in her situation, she might do with a clear conscience, and to much edification. She seemed, however, not disposed to take the advice, he pressed it as far as he could with decency; and, after all, intreated her to take time, and to consider the proposal with that attention and deliberation which it certainly deserved.

The very first opportunity, Honestus communicated the whole of the conversation to his amiable friend, who not only approved of the advice which he had given to the lady, but embraced him, on the occasion, with a tenderness peculiar to his character; and said

to

him, I perfectly remember the expression,
“ My dear Honestus, GOD, you see, hath
“ been graciously pleased to unite the efforts
“ of our ministry in a remarkable manner ;
“ and this, I trust, will be the means of unit-
“ ing our hearts in firmer bonds of affection
“ and charity than ever.”

Such anecdotes as these, said Symphronius, afford me the sincerest pleasure.—But, pray, what was the issue with respect to the lady ?

The scale of conviction preponderated, at length, on the side of Honestus ; and, I am told, she became an exemplary, and conscientious dissenter from the established forms of religion, in which she had been educated.

Very well, said Symphronius, conviction, after all, on which side so ever it preponderates, is certainly the chief thing in religion.

Add charity to conviction, said Libertus, and you nearly complete my idea of christianity.

You have doubtless heard, said Symphronius, that during the course of the last summer, Sophron and Eugenius made the tour of the western counties. In their way from Plymouth to the land's end, they called in course, on Sir Harry Trelawney, an amiable youth, in whom your two constituent principles of a christian are eminently united. The visitants were received with the utmost cordiality, and the conversation which passed on the occasion, was truly edifying. It turned chiefly, as Sophron told me, On the great love of GOD to poor sinners, and on that supreme love to him, and to one another for his sake, which is the grand characteristic of real religion, and which should absorb all the little distinctions that subsist among real christians. At parting Eugenius took him by the hand, with the sincerest affection, and said to him, " My dear brother, we
" should have been exceedingly glad to have
" retained Sir Harry Trelawney within the
" pale

“pale of our church; but, it may be, providence has designed him a greater work. We have seen the reasons of his dissent, we ask no further apology for his conduct. —And be assured, my dear and much honoured friend, that I wish you from the bottom of my heart, all the assistance and success in your ministry, that you, or your warmest friends can possibly desire.”—Sir Harry’s feelings were too much in unison not to echo to the good wishes of the venerable Eugenius. They embraced each other. The sympathetic tear was seen to fall on either side!—The scene was truly affecting.

O yes, said Libertus, now abide faith, hope, charity.—But the greatest of these is charity!

At this instant, John, the footman, entered the room. “Sir, my mistress says the poultice has been ready some time, and she thinks, if you please, it will be best to have it applied immediately.”

Very

Very well, John—I was thinking of something else.——Oh—my dear, it seems stiff indeed!—But, I think, upon the whole, it is better than it was when I got up this morning.

“Yes,” replied the good natured lady, “I hope, my dear, it is; and I am at no loss to account for the amendment. I impute it, I do assure you, to the conversation in which you have been so agreeably entertained this morning.”

Madam, replied Symphronius, taking up his hat and cane, I ask your pardon, your most obedient.

“But, Sir,” said the lady, “we must see you again as soon as you can this evening; for, after all, you are certainly the best physician.”

I don’t know what to say to that, Madam.

“Nay, but you must come!”

Obey

Obey the command, said Libertus, or, should my pain return, I shall impute it to your disobedience.

Very well, good by.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE X.

CLEMENT and HORTENSIVS,

IT was on the first of May, according to the old style, that Hortensius had engaged his brother to accompany him to the summit of that remarkable hill, which adds so much to the prospect from the fields of Belmont. They set out just as the clock struck six; and, on their walk, they were delighted with all the beauties of the spring; for as they passed,

From the moist meadow to the withered hill,
Led by the breeze the vivid verdure ran;
The hawthorn whitened; and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds:—

And all the leafy forest stood displayed,
In full luxuriance, to the sighing gale.
The herbs sprang up, on every side, profusely
wild,

Beyond the power of man, however skilled,
Their virtues or their numbers, to explore.

The

The thickets all around were prodigal of harmony;
The thrush and woodlark, o'er the kind contending throng,
Superior heard, ran through
The sweetest length of notes :
The blackbird whistled from the thorny brake,
The mellow bullfinch answered from the grove ;
Nor were the linnets silent ; joined to these,
Unnumbered songsters, which yet want a name,
That in the freshened shade, their modulations mixed ;
The jay, the rook, the daw, and each harsh pipe,
Discordant heard alone,
Made the full concert, while the stock-dove breathed
A melancholy murmur through the whole.

At eight o'clock, the two brothers, by easy steps, had just reached the intended heights. And turning round,

The bosom of the teeming vale,
Through which the Avon winds
His flow and silent course,
Was all exposed to view.

The

The level meadows, dressed in living green,
And decked with flowers of various tints,
Attended all the lengthened course ;
From that retreat, where first
Th' immortal Shakespeare caught
The breath of life and poetry ;
Down to the ensanguined fields
So fatal to the royal line of Lancaſter.
And all the country round ,
The cherry, apple, pear, and plum,
In one diffuſive bluſh of bloſſoms,
Preſſed upon the fight.

My Brother ! this delightful morn !
Hortenſius ſaid, and all the luxuries,
Which ſtrike my raviſhed ſenſe,
Call for my higheſt praiſe,
To him who gave them birth !
The meadows, late ſo bare and ruſſet,
Shorn by the winter's froſt ;
The leafleſs trees, the ſilent grove ;
And this delighted ſpot, all capped with ſnow,
The dreary proſpect cloſed.—
But now, how changed !—A grateful ſong,
Nature, attend ! join every living ſoul,
Beneath the ſpacious temple of the ſky,
In adoration join !—

Great

Great source of day ! best image here below,
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write, with every beam, His praise !
Bleat out afresh, ye hills ! ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound !——

The broad responsive lowe, ye valleys raise,
For the great Shepherd reigns !——

Ye woodlands all, awake, and aid the grate-
ful song !

And when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night, His
praise !

Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
The head, and heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn !——

For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat !

This luxury of growth, Clement replied,
This burst of universal joy,
Is but the present GOD !
Hail source of being !

Great

Great Soul of heaven and earth !
 Eternal presence ! hail !
 At thy command, the vernal sun
 Awakes the torpid sap,
 Detruded to the root by wintry winds ;
 Calls forth the latent springs
 Of vegetation ; and makes
 The wilderness a fruitful field * !

Great source of universal good !
 When shall I feel thy power
 To cheer my barren soul !

If cold, and barren still,
 Our souls remain, Hortensius said,
 To us, alas ! this vernal sun
 Shall shine, these woods rejoice,
 And nature bloom in vain !

My dear brother, said Clement, we are me-
 thinks now entering on a subject, which I am
 sure is of the greatest importance, and which,
 I could wish were more attended to, and better
 understood,

* See Thompson's Seasons.

understood, than I fear it is, by the generality of those who make a profession of religion.

It was but yesterday, said Hortensius, that I happened to over hear Susanna Hopewell, and Margaret Downing, as they were weeding the back walk in the upper garden. "Margaret," said Susanna, "did you not hear Philander last Sunday from that text, 'The righteous shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands, shall wax stronger and stronger ! It was, I think, a mighty good sermon. It led me to look back on my past life, and I thought I could prove the truth of the text by my own experience. I was serious from a child, and could read my catechism and my bible at eight years of age, as well, if not better, than most of my school fellows. I went to church constantly, and was confirmed at the age of sixteen. Soon after I was married, my husband and I went to the sacrament : and by our hard labour and good management, we were able to give the parson his fees every time I was church'd. I brought up all my children to read and say

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" their

“ their prayers, and Suky, notwithstanding
“ the ill natured report you have heard, is, I
“ am sure, a very modest girl. Since my
“ poor husband died I have supplied his place
“ and read prayers the first thing in the morn-
“ ing and the last at night; and I don’t know
“ that I have missed doing it so much as once
“ for the last six weeks. Besides, though I
“ am, you know, a very hearty woman, and
“ likely to live for many years, yet I some-
“ times think of death, and however it may
“ be with others, I am not much terrified at
“ the thoughts of it; nor have I had as I can
“ remember, a single doubt about my state,
“ or one discouraging thought for twenty
“ years. And therefore I could not but ap-
“ ply the sermon to myself, and take the
“ comfort of it.”

“ O!” said Margaret, “ I heard Philander
“ as well as you, but it was not in my power
“ to make the application. No, I could not
“ do it; for though I remember to have
“ had some thoughts about religion from
“ a child, yet I have laboured under very
“ great discouragement; nor do I know that
“ I have

“I have made any progress for many years,
“and now, to tell you the truth, I am ready
“to despair of making any!”

“Well,” says Sufanna, “pray what is the
“matter.—I have always thought you to be a
“very good sort of a woman, and that you
“had got above all these scruples long before
“now!”

“No, indeed, I have not,” replied Margaret,
“I am as much, if not more discouraged than ever.”

“But tell me Margaret, what is the reason
“of your discouragement. Be free, open
“your mind, it may be some relief to you.
“Pray, how long have you been in this low
“way?”

“O, Sufanna,” said Margaret, “I have
“been in a barren frame for a long time,
“indeed! but it was not till about two years
“ago that I found the true cause of it.”

“And pray, what do you suppose to be
“the true cause of it, Margaret?”

“I thought to have told it to Philander several times, but, as often as I had an opportunity to do it, my heart failed me;
“and I have kept it to myself till now.”

“But,” said Susanna, “do tell me what
“it is.”

“Well, if I must tell you, though I am
“ashamed that any body should know it. It
“is because I do not love milk!”

“Because you do not love milk? pray
“what has this to do with the state of your
“soul, and your progress in religion.”

“O, Susanna! I think it has a great deal
“to do with it. One Sunday evening I
“opened my bible on the second chapter of
“the first epistle of Peter, and I read, “If
“so be ye have tasted that the LORD is gracious;
“as new born babes desire the sincere
“milk

“milk of the word, that ye may grow
“thereby.” The words struck me to the very
“heart, for it immediately came into my
“mind that my mother had told me, she could
“never get me to touch the breast; and that,
“as long as I could remember, I had never
“tasted a drop of milk. This, thought I, is
“the cause why I have never gained any de-
“gree of strength and stability in religion.
“From this time I tryed by all means to get
“the better of my natural aversion; but all
“in vain. And as this is the case, and
“if there be any meaning in the apos-
“tle’s words, how can I expect to grow
“thereby!”

“I must confess,” said Susanna, “that my
“gift does not much lie in explaining difficult
“passages of scripture, but I am ready to
“think you must certainly mistake the mean-
“ing. I would have you mention it to Phi-
“lander, I don’t doubt but he will clear up
“the matter, to your satisfaction, much bet-
“ter than I can pretend to.”

“ Well, says Margaret, I will take courage, and endeavour to do it the first opportunity; for, I do assure you, it hangs very heavy on my mind.”

Poor Margaret, said Clement, one cannot but laugh at her simplicity, and yet, notwithstanding all her fears and discouragements, she may be, for ought I know, in a more prosperous state than Susanna. I hope Philander will soon explain that passage of scripture to her, and remove those ungrounded scruples, with which she has been so long, and so greatly afflicted.

No doubt, said Hortensius, but he has done it already. I mentioned it to him after dinner; and he said, “ I shall certainly speak to her this very night before she is to leave the garden.”

This brings to my remembrance, says Clement, the short history, which Maria gave me, some time ago, of Sally Glover, and which she had, she says, from one of her particular acquaintance. Sally, it should seem,
discovered

discovered a kind of religious cast from a child, and had been educated by her parents in the established church. But, on the death of her mother, which happened about her sixteenth year, she removed to her uncle and aunt, who were very strict and conscientious in their way, and belonged to a pretty respectable congregation of protestant dissenters. Here Sally appeared to be much struck with the simplicity of their manners and worship; and, not long after, told her aunt, with much confidence, "That she had never heard
" the scripture so well explained, and so properly applied, in all her life; and that she
" had great reason to bless GOD, that she had
" ever been permitted to come under their
" roof."

But, in a few years, some little misunderstanding arising in the family, Sally took her leave, and returned to the place of her birth. Here she fell in with some of Mr. W——'s followers, who talked to her a great deal, in their manner, about religious experience. Sally soon caught, what perhaps, one may justly call the cant of the party; and, moving, as she now supposed, in a higher sphere,

she began to look cold on her former connections.

Some time before this happened she was thought to be rather too fond of dress, and wore her cap as high as other young folks of her condition, but now it was drawn close to her face with a primitive and becoming plainness. Other correspondent changes had been adopted, and she was seldom or never seen in a gown of more than one colour. She had already passed two or three forms in their respective societies, had outstripped many of her contemporaries; and thought herself, as she said, just on the borders of perfection.

About this time she made a visit to her aunt, who was a plain sensible woman, and received her with as much affection as ever. Sally was full of the privileges she enjoyed, and the acquisition she had made, in her new profession. She could talk of nothing but their private meetings, their love feasts, their frequent and fervent prayers for each other, their classes, their bands, the assurance of their faith, and the greatness of their joy. Such a day she was admitted to a private conference with Mr. W—y; such a day she was received

received into the class. At one time she had passed a strict examination with great applause. At another she had assisted with equal approbation in examining others. All her ambition, she said, was to be the head or leader of the band to which she belonged, and she did not doubt but in a little time she should be sufficiently qualified for that distinguished office.

Her aunt heard her with a great deal of patience, but one day as she was holding forth in this extraordinary manner, she said to her, "Pray, Sally, what scripture do you bring for all these distinctions, these classes and bands which you talk so much of? I have read of a band of thieves and murderers; but I no where read, as I remember, of a band of christians." "O, madam," says Sally, "don't we read of the Italian band?" "Yes," says her aunt, "and that was a band of licensed cut throats, or if you will, a regiment of soldiers, generally the most profligate and abandoned of all mankind."

Sally,

Sally, at this was a little nonpluss'd, but by and by she recovered herself, and said, "Well, madam, if I cannot bring scripture for it, I dare say Mr. W—y can, or, be that as it will, we have his order for it, and that is quite as well; for I am sure Mr. W—y understands the scripture as well if not better than any one living, for he has wrote an exposition of the whole Bible, and set many things right, which, he says, were wrong in the original."—"Wrong in the original," said her aunt, "that is very extraordinary, indeed!" "Yes," says Sally, "wrong in the original, or, at least, in the translation, which is the same thing. Besides Mr. W—y is not only a very great and learned, but a very holy and good man. I am sure he has done more good than any man that ever lived. I have often heard him say, there never was so much good done, and that two such lights as he and his brother C——s never arose in the christian world since the days of the apostles. And I am sure we may believe all that he says to be as true as the gospel." "Poor child," said the aunt, "you are gone surely, past all recovery!"

“covery!” “You may think what you will
“of me, madam, and laugh at, and perfe-
“cute me, as long as you please; but Mr.
“W—y’s preachers are the most lively,
“spiritual, and judicious I ever heard; and
“I am sure, from my own experience, that
“the life and power of religion is no where
“to be found in such perfection as with Mr.
“W—’s followers.” “Very well, child,” said
her aunt. “And yet I cannot but think,
“there is still room to wish them more of it.”

Yes verily, said Hortensius; the power
and progress of real religion, cannot fail to
mortify and subdue that pride and vanity, in
our hearts, which these boasted appendages,
I cannot but think, are too apt to cherish.

In yon sequestered vale, Clement replied,
Once lived, and sung, the fair Lavinia.

The hills and dales, the woods and plains,
In all this wide extended round,
Shall long resound her praise.
Of pious parents born.—
Betimes she caught the sacred flame.

Her

Her feeble hands were early raised to heaven;
And all her infant bosom glowed,
With ardent love to GOD and man.

On bended knees, methinks
I see her lovely form;
And hear, in words like these,
Her solemn covenant with GOD.

"My GOD! my father's GOD!

"I call thee mine! by thee alone I stand:

"O put thy fear into my infant heart;

"And keep me by thy power!

"Searcher of hearts, thou knowest my heart
"sincere!

"This day I consecrate myself, my all to Thee,

"And witness, with my hand, that I am only
"Thine!

"———LAVINIA."

"Let me review the solemn obligation!

"O happy day! O happy bond!

"That bound my heart to thee!

"I recognize the sacred tie;

"I feel the engagement strong,

"Nor would be free for all the world!

"I never

“ I never knew, till I was thine,
“ One happy moment ; all my joys
“ Are dated from that blessed period ;
“ ’Twas thence they took their spring,
“ And thence they will for ever flow.

“ Ye angels lend your noblest forms,
“ And teach me to confirm my vows ;
“ I wish to bind myself,
“ Beyond the ties that mortals know.——
“ But, to express the vehemence of my soul,
“ Fit words I cannot find.——
“ Accept, Great GOD, my heart,
“ Accept my vows this day renewed to Thee !
“ And let them be confirmed for ever !

“ Forlorn, and destitute of every name of joy
“ And confidence on earth, I come to Thee.
“ Receive me with the affection of a father.
“ ’Tis thy delight to exercise
“ Thy loving kindness, and thy truth,
“ These are thy natural operations.
“ Fury is not in thee. Thy name,
“ Thy boasted name, is Love !
“ Nor from its gentle dictates,
“ Dost thou ever deviate.

“ ’Tis

" 'Tis the beginning and the end

" Of all thy works; the glorious end

" Thou hadst from all eternity in view !"

" Compassion, goodness, mercy, truth, are

" thine,

" Nor can'st thou e'er restrain these emanations,

" They will, and must for ever flow, from

" Thee,

" The infinite abyss, the spring of good ;

" The sum, the plenitude of joy !

" Nor need I scruple to affirm,

" What thou hast sworn.

" I take thy word for my defence ;

" I flee for safety to thy name ;

" Hope against hope, with confidence

" Worthy of that veracity on which I trust,

" That power which is engaged in my pro-

" tection ;

" I can, I must set to my seal, that GOD is true ;

" And all the powers of hell shall be con-

" founded,

" While I rejoice alone in thy salvation,

" Nor feel one thought of diffidence or fear !"

" Attend,

“ Attend, ye angels! Heaven and earth,
“ Attend the solemn deed! And Thou,
“ My GOD, my hope, my portion,
“ And my all, be witness for me!
“ Thy sacred name I dare attest!
“ No action of my life was ever more sincere,
“ More free, or more deliberate.
“ To Thee again, without reserve,
“ I consecrate myself, and all my powers:
“ Thou hast my whole, my undivided heart;
“ And, by this solemn act, renewed,
“ I am for ever Thine!

“ LAVINIA.”

’Twas she, Hortensius said,
Whose filial piety we all admired.
She loved the best of fathers as she ought;
Amplly repaid his tenderness and care;
And dreaded, more than death itself,
The deed, that might displease, or give him pain.
Attendant on his steps, descending to the vale
of life,
She propped, with dutious care, his growing
years;
And, thrilled with every pang that urged his
fate,

Her

Her mortal frame could scarce sustain
The keen vibrations !

Oft have I heard, Clement replied,
These woods and fields, enraptured all around,
Unite Palemon's to Lavinia's name.
The pride of swains Palemon was,
But soon, alas ! too soon,
Snatched from her fond ébrace,
He fell a much lamented prey to death !
To sooth his anxious thoughts, and fix
His ardent soul on heaven and heavenly joys,
To which she had herself so long aspired,
Was her first care.——

Mean while, his listless days, his sleepless
 nights,
And all his lingering sad variety of pains,
She more than shared.——

And now, with earnest looks and throbbing
 heart,

She marked each solemn interval of respiration !
Nor would she, deaf to persuasion,
Quit the dying bed !——

Clasped in her arms, he breathed his last !
Fixed on his breathless clay,

She

She bathed it with her tears,
Till, cold in death, it sunk from her embrace!

The dear impression, on her tender breast,
She felt, too deep to be effaced, by time itself,
She kept her vow; and, to her dying day,
She wore her weeds, and mourned her loss!

No ties on earth remained, Hortensius said,
But those that bound her inmost soul
To all the sons and daughters of affliction.

“ My gracious GOD !” she kneeled and said,

“ All that I have beyond the bare necessity

“ of life,

“ I now devote to Thee and thine.

“ Here, here am I, send me ;

“ Send, to the kings and rulers of this world,

“ On embassies of greatness, whom thou wilt,

“ But send, unworthy as I am,

“ O send me, LORD, to comfort thy afflicted

“ people!

“ Be this my humble, my delightful lot !

“ I ask no more.—

R

Abroad.

Abroad, at home, Clement replied,
Lavinia was the same,
All gentleness and condescension.

Her servants, treated as her friends,
Can ne'er forget her tenderness and care.
My dear Maria, in grateful rapture, tells
How oft her kindest mistress sat,
Close by her bed, and read to her the best of
books,

While she was ill, and cheered her drooping
soul

With heavenly consolations.

To piety, the most exalted of its kind,
She joined the utmost cheerfulness of disposition.

Pleased in herself, diffusing bliss on all around,
Silent reserve, and moping melancholy,
With hasty steps, where e'er she came,
Before her fled.—

To every call of friendship and affliction,
She lent, as due, the social tear,
And heaved the sympathetic sigh ;

But,

But, all besides, like this enlivening scene,
Was full of life and gratitude and joy!

Once more, methinks,
Just on the verge of life,
I hear her solemn prayer.

" Great GOD! shouldst thou permit
" My sinful soul to form a wish,
" And take whate'er, in earth,
" Or heaven, I had to ask,
" It should not be the kingdoms of this world,
" Nor crowns that princes wear;
" Nor should it be the wreaths of martyrs,
" No, nor the thrones archangels fill!
" My first request is to be HOLY.
" This is my great concern!

* This tongue with which I urge my prayer,
" Will soon be silent in the grave!
" These knees, now bent to pay thee homage,
" These hands, now lifted up for mercy,
" Must shortly sink in dust!—
" My frail existence will admit of no delay!
" O grant me my request!

R 2

" To

- “ To thee I call, my gracious GOD !
“ O let me have a speedy answer,
“ For I am dying while I speak !
“ My whole allotted time is but a point,
“ Compared with thy duration.
“ That time, that precious time, once lost,
“ Can never be recalled !
“ Alas! how much is lost ! ——
“ But thou canst change my sinful soul,
“ And set me on the way,
“ Late as it is in life,
“ To perfect happiness and perfect joy !
- “ I take confusion to myself,
“ And give the glory to my GOD,
“ Before I die.——Not by the strength
“ Of reason, nor by the bent
“ Of natural inclination,
“ Was I led to virtue.——
“ Not on my charity, nor ev’n on my devotion,
“ Do I place my hope.——
“ O my propitious SAVIOUR ! but for Thee,
“ How desperate, how undone were my
“ condition ?

“ Born

“ Born as I was in sin,
“ I look upon myself,
“ With horror and contempt!
“ My best estate is vanity.—
“ Just on the verge of mortal things,
“ With all the advantages I boast,
“ My soul stands trembling.—
“ O thou! in whom the Gentiles trust,
“ To thee I come, my only hope!
“ Be thou my refuge, my almighty friend,
“ For, in thy name alone,
“ I dare approach unblemished Majesty!
“ O come, dear JESUS! quickly come,
“ Lest I grow weary at thy long delay!

“ My friends are gone,
“ They triumph in the skies,
“ Recount with pleasure, all their dangers past.
“ And death, and hell,
“ Forever vanquished at their feet,
“ Leave them in full possession of eternal joy.
“ While I, beset on every side,
“ Maintain the doubtful fight.—
“ When shall the victory too be mine!
“ O when, dear SAVIOUR! shall I reach
“ My everlasting home—my treasure,

“ And my heart already there !

“ O come, dear SAVIOUR ! quickly come,

“ And with a sudden, but a friendly stroke,

“ Dissolve the mortal tie that holds me here !”

Propitious to her prayer, Hortensius said,
Kind heaven, that very night,
Dissolves the mortal tie !

Her ardent soul, impatient to be gone,
Ascends her native skies——
Mean while, the fields, adown this fertile vale,
Instructed long by her celestial lore,
In plaintive strains, deplore their loss ?
——But now, methinks,
In yonder grove concealed,
Sweet Philomela emulates her song.

How happy, my Hortensius, Clement replied,
Could we but emulate her virtues !
And, in our humble walk,
Improve the time, the precious time,
Allotted us by heaven !——
Our spring of life is past, our autumn,
And our winter too, will soon arrive ;
When this delightful spot,

This

This burst of harmony around,
And all this varied scene of life and joy,
No more shall please——!

Once more, ere we descend the hill,
We raise our eyes, and hearts to heaven!

“There everlasting spring abides,

“And never withering flowers!”

DIALOGUE XI.

LUCY and SYLVIA.

AND is this Belmont? Lucy! where so late
My every sense was gratified,
And all my soul, delighted, roved!—
Alas! ~~now~~ changed the scene!
No aromatic sweets from yonder grove exhale;
No woodland song is heard, last night,
The screech owl's scream; to day,
The raven's croak affrights my ear!
No nimble fawn now skips along the opening
glade;
No lambkins play along the lawn.
That tall and spreading beech, that row of
fines;

And

And yonder elms, just stripped of all their
foliage,

Stand shivering at the chilling blast.

A blackening cloud disfigures all the east ;

The snows begin to drive ; stern winter lowers,

And spreads on every side, his deathful reign !

The scene may well be changed, my Sylvia ! She,

For whom this fabric rose,

And all the beauties that surround it,

And he, who bid it rise, are now no more !

The achievement at the door ;

The fable drefs we wear ;

The solemn stillness through the house,

And every look, and every heart,

Confirms the mournful tale !

The dear, the much loved Clementina,

And Sophron too, the best of men,

Is now no more !——

Winter I hail ! thy dreary scenes best suit !

The cheerful spring would mock our sorrows,

And, even at Belmont, bloom in vain !

O yes, said Sylvia, I welcome

All this luxury of woe ; nor would I leave

This

This consecrated spot, for half the globe :
 It reads a useful lesson to my heart ;
 Presents, in all its awful pomp, the great event,
 Which terminates our hope of happiness
 On earth, and gives it all its force,
 To solemnize, and elevate the soul !

It is now two months ago, this very day, my Sylvia, that Sophron alighting from off his horse, as he was returned from his morning ride, perceived a sudden pain shooting across his breast, and felt, as he thought a trickling down his left side. He said nothing of it on his coming into the house ; but, after dinner, he happened to mention it to a friend, before he was aware, in the hearing of Clementina ; she instantly took the alarm, and appeared to be quite uneasy. He said to her with a smile on his countenance,

“ I do assure you, my dear, the pain is entirely gone off. You see I had more than
 “ my share of your chicken and asparagus to
 “ day ; and I am not under the least apprehension of any disagreeable consequences.”

It passed on that evening, and Sophron went to bed as well, he thought, as ever he
 had

had been in all his life. But, the next morning, at his first getting up, he found himself a little faint. Clementina perceived it immediately, and said with more than common anxiety,

“ My dear, you are not well ! what is the
“ matter ? ”

Sophron replied, as well as he could, “ Do
“ not frighten yourself, my dear, I shall be
“ better by and by.” With that he went to the window, and threw up the sash ; the fresh air revived his spirits ; he dressed himself, and after retiring a little, as usual, into his closet, he came down stairs, eat his breakfast, and seemed perfectly well.

Just now, our worthy friend, Philander, who you know has studied anatomy and physic as well as divinity, called to see us ; and having sat and chatted awhile, Sophron took him aside, and told him what had happened and all that he felt. Philander was very apprehensive, that there must have been a rupture of some small blood vessel ; and thought it by all means adviseable for him to have a
vein

vein opened in the right arm to cause a revulsion from the part affected, to prefer a cooling regimen, to observe an inclined posture, to be kept as quiet, and to use as little exercise as possible. These precautions could not but alarm the whole family, and greatly affect the amiable Clementina. They were, however, observed with the greatest punctuality; the best medical assistance was immediately procured, Clementina herself was chief nurse, and, for some days, there were great hopes of his speedy recovery. But, in less than a fortnight, though he felt little or no pain, he appeared to be greatly reduced, and a mortal paleness began to settle on his countenance.

One morning, just after Philander and the physicians who constantly attended him twice a day, had left the room, Sophron perceived in the looks of his amiable Clementina, a tenderness and serenity, which he had not observed since the commencement of his illness; and therefore, especially as they were alone, he thought it a fit opportunity to anticipate that awful period, which was to dissolve the intimate and happy union that had so long subsisted between them, and which he was

now

now fully persuaded could not be far distant. He took her by the hand and pressing it to his breast, with a tenderness and affection suited to the situation in which the providence of GOD had placed them, he said to her,

“ My dearest Clementina, methinks I read,
“ this morning, in your countenance, the
“ feelings of your heart. You now sit by the
“ side of a dying husband, who has long shared
“ your sorrows and your joys. These sorrows
“ and these joys on earth will soon be ended.
“ But we are now come to the near prospect
“ of heaven; it begins already to beam on
“ our feeble sight, and opens to us those sub-
“ limer joys, which will continue, and, if
“ possible, increase by their continuance, to
“ all eternity! To submit to temporal death
“ in the views of eternal life, is surely one of
“ the lowest of all human virtues; it deserves
“ not even the name of resignation. No, my
“ Clementina, to be contented to live, in this
“ world of sin and sorrow, as long as it is the
“ will of GOD, this is submission, this is vir-
“ tue! But to leave earth and go to heaven,
“ to

“ to depart and to be with CHRIST; this is all
 “ our salvation, and all our desire!”

“ Yes,” replied Clementina, “ had it not
 “ been for the seasonable revival of this blef-
 “ sed hope in my troubled breast, I should
 “ have been at this moment, one of the most
 “ miserable of women. But, as I was be-
 “ wailing myself this morning in my closet,
 “ I saw the hand of GOD in this affliction. I
 “ anticipated the issue of it in all the aw-
 “ ful solemnity of approaching death. And
 “ I said, Shall I receive good at the hand of
 “ GOD, and shall I not receive evil?—The
 “ same hour gave birth to both of us.—Thirty
 “ revolving years have witnessed our happy
 “ union in the conjugal relation.—A wish to
 “ survive it is criminal!—I felt the powerful
 “ sympathy—give me leave to indulge so
 “ pleasing a thought! We shall be united in
 “ death! the same moment, the same expi-
 “ ring breath shall waft our kindred and ming-
 “ ling spirits to the regions of a blissful im-
 “ mortality!—This, my dearest Sophron.
 “ calmed all my anxieties, and made me
 “ happy!

Sophron

Sophron was just going to reply to his amiable Clementina ; but, that moment Leonilla came into the room, and, for the present interrupted their conversation. “ My dear papa, how be you to day ? Methinks you look paler than ever I saw you ! ” “ Yes, my child, but I am perfectly easy, and the better every day as I get nearer to heaven ! ” “ And cannot I go along with you, papa ? ” the tears trickling from both her eyes ; “ I wish I could, and be as happy as you, papa ! ” “ My dear child,” said Sophron, “ there is, I am sure, the same promise for you, the same means, the same GOD, the same heaven ! ” “ Yes,” said Clementina, taking her by the hand, and kissing her wet cheek, “ there is indeed ! Seek the LORD, my child, seek him early, seek him with all your heart ; and he will be found of you ; and you shall be as happy, when you come to die, as you now see your dear papa.” “ And must we all die, and go to heaven, mamma, before we can be happy ? ” “ Yes, my dear, indeed we must. I heard a voice from heaven, saying, Write, you read it in your Bible this morning, Blessed are the dead
“ which

“ which die in the LORD. Yea saith the spi-
“ rit, that they may rest from their labours,
“ and their works do follow them. And now,
“ my dear, your papa and I are both going to
“ that state of blessed rest.”—But mamma,
“ must we all stay behind you ! who will take
“ care of us !” the swelling tear increased at
every word, “ and what shall we do at Bel-
“ mont, when you and papa are gone to hea-
“ ven ?”—“ Do not,” said Clementina, while
she wiped the falling tears, “ Do not, my
“ child, distress yourself—when we are gone
“ you will still live at Belmont. Philander,
“ who loves you so much, and your dear Lu-
“ cy, will take care of you ; your brothers
“ and sister and all your friends will love you ;
“ and GOD himself will love you, and be a
“ father to you, and more than make up for
“ any loss you can sustain in this world.—
“ You must not wish, my dear Leonilla, were
“ it in your power, to prevent your dear pa-
“ pa, and myself from going to heaven, where
“ GOD will wipe away all tears from our eyes,
“ and we shall be happy together forever !”—
“ No, my dear mamma, but I shall never
“ wish to live at Belmont, nor at any other
“ place

“place I ever saw on earth, when papa and
“you are gone to heaven!”

By this time, you may suppose, Sophron was much affected, and so was Clementina. And I said to her, “My dear Leonilla, your governess is waiting for you, come kiss your mamma, and your dear papa, and I will take you to her apartment.” “Good by mamma, good by papa,” says she, “but I will come again as soon as my governess has done with me,” “Very well, good by.”—“Good by, my child!”

That afternoon Sophron added a codicil to his will, in his own hand writing, and disposed of all his possessions on earth, that he might, as he said, be more at leisure to contemplate the certain reversion of a glorious inheritance in heaven.

From this time Clementina's presence and attentions were wholly confined to Sophron's apartment, and her own closet, which was the next room to it.—The sympathy and tenderness, on either side, became much too powerful to admit a longer or more distant separation. Two hours in the day, at least, they chose to

be entirely alone, which time they spent in reading select portions of scripture, and in conversation on the intercourse, the employments, and the joys of the invisible world.

Sophron from the beginning of his illness, had engaged his friend Philander to lead the devotions of the family. He attended precisely at eight every morning for that purpose. At which hour, without any other call than the striking of the great clock, the family came together, in such silent composedness and regularity, that not a door was heard to open, nor a foot to move in the whole house. And, I am sure, could the most affectionate and fervent prayers have availed, the scene at Belmont, my Sylvia, would have been quite different from what you now see it.—But it was the will of GOD, and we dare not repine at the affecting stroke.

No, my Lucy, they are gone to heaven; and it would be cruel, as well as impious, to wish them back again to our world.

It was the rule, continued Lucy, for the family to have done breakfast by nine: from
that

that hour to twelve, Joseph and myself were constantly in waiting to answer the anxious and repeated enquiries of the whole neighbourhood on this melancholy occasion; and, now and then, to conduct a select friend to the chambers of affliction, and death.

The next morning, as soon as Philander had dismissed the family, he waited, by appointment, on Sophron and Clementina to spend the day with them in their apartment. On his entering the room where they were sitting, they both rose from their seats, and received him with as much cheerfulness and vivacity, as though they had been in perfect health. The gloom which had hung for some days, on the countenance of the amiable Clementina, was entirely removed; Sophron's spirits appeared to be elevated to a much higher pitch than they had been since the commencement of his illness, and they both seemed more than pleased with their present situation.

Philander, after the customary civilities, sat down by the side of his friend, and finding, from the state of his pulse, notwithstanding these flattering appearances, that his

recovery was by no means to be expected, he turned himself to Clementina, and said to her :

“ My dear Madam, I am truly glad to see
“ you look so much better this morning.”

“ Oh, Sir ! I can truly say, the goodness
“ of GOD to me has calmed the perturbation
“ in my breast ; dispelled the gloom on my
“ countenance, and produced that effect,
“ which, I perceive has not escaped your
“ observation.”

“ No, indeed, Madam, it has not—I con-
“ gratulate you most sincerely on the return
“ of your wonted serenity ; and hope,
“ through the goodness of GOD, it will be
“ continued through the whole course of your
“ present affliction !”

“ Yes, my dear friend,” said Clementina,
“ I hope and believe it will. The bitterness
“ of death, methinks, is already past. We
“ both are waiting——.”

That

That very instant, the bell, at the great church in the neighbouring town, struck the ear ——.

“ Hark !” said Clementina, “ again !--again !
 “ That solemn interval of sound
 “ Proclaims another death ! What soul has left
 “ Its breathless clay this morning,
 “ And gotten the start of us, Philander ?”

“ Negotio is no more !——
 “ The message to attend his dying bed
 “ Reached me at six ;—at seven,
 “ I saw him die !—His wife distracted !
 “ His children, all in tears.
 “ A house of complicated woe, indeed !”

“ A sudden death, Philander !
 “ We heard not of his illness.”

“ Three days ago, a raging fever
 “ Seized his brain ! No lucid interval,
 “ No time allowed for solemn recollection !
 “ His busy thoughts, his well,
 “ Or rather, ill concerted schemes
 “ Of future gain, all perished in that hour !”

“And is *Negotio* dead,” said *Sophron*,
“Obliging, generous, kind,
“Well known to all his friends,
“Perhaps, a stranger to himself and *GOD*!
“I saw him once or twice, some time ago,
“I think, at church.”

“He was,” *Philander* said, “too seldom there!”

“And, pray,” said *Clementina*,
“How did he spend his sabbaths?”

“The morning, constantly employed,
“His cash book settled, and his servants paid :
“The afternoon, too much fatigued for
“church,
“He sought amusement, or repose.”

“A doubtful character, indeed,”
Said *Sophron*, with a sigh!

“Three months ago, his partner died !
“An awful death, indeed, it was !
“I urged the serious thought,—
“Perhaps,—I fear,—’twas urged in vain!”
He said no more,—
His heart was much too big for utterance.

The

The chocolate was immediately ordered up, Philander, with much ado, got down two or three bits of bread, and nearly emptied his basin. Sophron could only sip a little now and then; and Clementina less. This moderate repast, however, was received with thanksgiving; and, after a little pause, Clementina said to Philander.

“ How different were the circumstances
“ which attended the death of good old Mary
“ Jenkins? She had long waited her dis-
“ mission, she retained her reason, and in-
“ deed all her other faculties to the last mo-
“ ment of her life. I called to see her about
“ a month ago. She was the cleanest old wo-
“ man I ever saw. Her room, her bed, her
“ little cottage, and every thing about her,
“ exhibited the picture of neatness accompa-
“ nied with that of oeconomy. Her daugh-
“ ter Fanny, who, from her disappointment
“ at the age of sixteen, had worn her black
“ knot, and kept her purpose of perpetual
“ celibacy without once wishing to alter it,
“ waited on her with the greatest tenderness
“ and assiduity.

“It had been the custom for all the young
“women on the common to visit the old lady
“twice a year. Christmas and Whitsuntide
“were the two festivals on which she con-
“stantly received this token of their respect.
“The tea, with which she entertained her
“numerous visitants on those occasions, was
“of exquisite fineness; collected from a va-
“riety of herbs cultivated in her own gar-
“den, mixed and prepared, as it was, by an
“art peculiar to herself, it far exceeded, both
“in flavour and wholesomeness, all our foreign
“productions. During the whole of these
“entertainments she read to her young pu-
“pils, the most serious and useful lessons of
“morality and religion, with that good sense
“and good nature, which could not fail of
“conciliating their attention. And, I am
“told, she did more good this way than any
“other old woman in the parish.”

“Yes,” said Philander, “I verily believe
“she did. Eugenius, my dear father, some
“time before his death, claimed some little
“share, as an instrument, in her conversion.
“And,

“ Aud, I am sure, we all had a very great affection for her.”

“ The last visit;” continued Clementina, “ was very affecting. After tea had gone round, she raised herself up in her chair as well as she could, and told them, that she was now going the way of all flesh; that from that day it was not to be expected that they would ever see her face, or hear her voice any more. That she wished to give them the best advice, and hoped they would remember her dying words as long as they should live.

“ Be obedient to your parents, for this is well pleasing in the sight of GOD.
“ Avoid all bad company, for evil communications corrupt good manners. Read your bible, be constant at church every sabbath; pray to GOD every day to keep you from sin. Always remember that you are guilty and dying creatures: that there is no hope of pardon and salvation but in the mercy of GOD in CHRIST JESUS; seek an interest in him before every thing in this world; take up with
“ nothing

“nothing short of the religion of the
“heart, and be assured, my dear children,
“that you can never be truly happy without
“it!”

“Upon this, they all saluted her with the
“tenderest affection, and kneeling down, one
“by one, intreated, and received her blessing.”

“By this time, her strength and spirits
“were quite exhausted, she closed her
“eyes, sunk back into her chair, and turned
“pale as death, they all burst into tears as
“though she had been really dead. One said,
“does she breathe! another, she is quite gone!
“But Fanny said, “No, she is not dead,”
“and intreated them to repress their sorrow.
“By and by, she recovered a little, opened
“her eyes, and wished them all a good night.
“They were loath to go; they all seemed
“determined to watch around her dying bed
“to the very last. Two of the eldest only
“were permitted. The rest returned with
“great reluctance to their homes, and went
“to bed at the usual hour, but not one of
“them could get a wink of sleep that night.”

“Just as the clock struck twelve, the good
“old woman was seen, with much ado, to
“raise

“ raise her hands and eyes to heaven, and
“ Fanny heard her say, in a low but earnest
“ voice,

“ LORD JESUS, into thy hands I commit
“ my spirit.”

“ With that, she stretched herself on the
“ bed, and without a groan, immediately expired. On the third day all her young friends
“ attended her funeral, in their plain caps,
“ and russet night gowns. As soon as the
“ minister had gone through the service,
“ which was well adapted to this occasion,
“ they all passed the grave in turn, to take
“ the last look, and drop the silent tear.

“ The next morning at eight o’clock, they all
“ met again by appointment, in the same dress,
“ at the cottage on the common which is nearest to the church. From this house they
“ walked to the grave in solemn procession,
“ two and two, according to seniority, with
“ branches of holly, cypress, and laurel, and
“ the few flowers the season afforded, with
“ which they decked the rising mould; and,
“ standing all around, they sung in soft and
“ melting strains,

Why

Why mourn we our departed friend ?
Or shake at death's alarms ?
'Twas but the voice that JESUS sent,
To call her to his arms.

Why should we tremble to convey
Her body to the tomb ?
There the dear flesh of JESUS lay,
And left a long perfume.

The graves of all the faints he blessed,
And softened every bed ;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying head !

Thence he arose, and burst the chain,
To shew our feet the way,
From shades where death and darkness reign
To realms of endless day !

Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid his kindred rise :
Awake, ye nations under ground ;
Ye faints, ascend the skies !

“ This

“ This service, I am told, is to be repeated
“ twice a year, on Twelfth day, and on
“ Whitfun Monday, as long as they live, to
“ shew their respect to good old mother Jen-
“ kins, their faithful monitor, and transmit
“ her precious memory to the next gene-
“ ration.”

“ This institution,” said Sophron, “ does
“ as much honour to this venerable woman
“ as the apotheosis of ancient, or the beati-
“ fication of modern Rome ; and is a species
“ of idolatry, if it may be so called, which,
“ I think, can give but little offence even in
“ a protestant country.”

Subsequent to this, they entered into a most interesting conversation on the immortality of the soul, the subsistence of separate spirits, the resurrection of the body, and the consummate blessedness and glory of heaven. The style of argument and expression was suited to the sublimity of the subject proposed, and exceeded every thing I ever read or heard in all my life. It made, I do assure you, my Sylvia, an uncommon impression on my mind ; it absorbed all the powes of attention

tion, and seemed, by an excess of enjoyment, to deprive me of all recollection."

Sophron, and even Clementina, bore a distinguished part in this sublime colloquy; and I could observe, especially towards the close of it, that pathos of expression, that glow of heavenly rapture in their countenances, which fully convinced me they were soon to enter on that blissful state, which they had described, and anticipated, with such exuberant complacency and joy.

From this time Sophron's strength began to be much exhausted, and it was perceived, by all who had access to him, that his dissolution could not be far distant.

Nothing now remained but to take the last leave of his family and friends, which he did with the utmost composure, and in a manner uncommonly edifying.

This day fortnight in the evening, I shall never forget it, just as he was recovered from a fainting fit, and had drank a little wine and water, he enquired for Pollio and Sophy; and being told, they were waiting in the next room, he desired they might be called in. Two chairs were placed for their reception,
one

one on the right hand and the other on the left; and turning first to Pollio, he said to him,

“This night, perhaps, my son, Belmont
“is yours;

“My title to it I resign with pleasure.

“Remember that you hold it

“In trust for GOD, and all mankind.”

“The patrimony, indeed, is large,

“’Tis far beyond what I deserve.

“But should one sordid thought

“Alleviate my distress,

“I should be less deserving still!

“’Tis consecrated to my hands by your be-
“quest,

“And, what a wretch! should I profane it!”

“GOD forbid, my son, you ever should:

“I trust you never will!”

Then turning himself to Sophy, he said to her,

“My dear child, you have been taught
“from your early infancy, at least in specula-
tion,

“tion, the utter vanity of all present enjoy-
“ments; how liable every moment of life
“to be deprived of your dearest connections,
“and comforts in this world. The time is
“now come, that speculation must be reduced
“to practice.

“O, yes, this night your father——,
“Perhaps, your dearest —— too!
“What do I mean? alas, my child,
“One death may be as much as you can bear!”

“—I fear! ’tis more!—My dearest father!
“Oh, how shall I survive the awful stroke?
“The great, the affecting loss!”

“My dearest child, some years ago, it had
“been greater.”

“Indeed it had—May kindest heaven
“Preserve my powers of recollection,
“And calm the tumult of my trembling soul!”

“My dearest child,” said Clementina,
“God is, you know, a present help in trouble,
“I myself have found him to be so
“A thousand times, and so will you.”

“Is

"Is my Leontine there?" "He is," said Clementina.

"Come hither then, my dearest boy!
"My youngest born! and once more kiss
"Your father's pale and dying lips!

He comes with eager look, and heaves a sigh!

"Farewell! another kiss, my dearest boy,
"farewell!

"You can, my Pollio, you will, I know,

"Perform a brother's part.—

"I leave him now, your care!—

"And Leonilla, Sophy, must be yours!

"Nor can a father die with greater ease,

"Or more exalted hopes!—

"No racking pains afflict my feeble frame;

"No anxious thoughts distract my mind!

"My friend, my children, my Clementina,

"My GOD! my all! my JESUS with me,

"To close my swimming eyes in death,

"And sooth my soul to rest!

"And can you see a friend, a father die?

"You must! For your own sake,

T

"I do

" I do adjure you not to quit the room.

" Flee not from death, but stay,

" Oh, stay, and learn the awful

" Lesson——How to die !

With some difficulty he crossed the room, assisted by his friend, and placed himself on the sofa fronting the middle window. Philander sat down on his left hand, and, for awhile, examined the state of his pulse with more than common attention.

Clementina on the right, with greater solicitude, observed the sudden change apparent in his looks. The richest cordials nature affords were immediately applied ; they had once more the wished success, he soon revived, and said.

" The room is large, Philander, my friends,

" My dear domestic friends may be admitted.

" Is Clementina's bosom friend Constantia
" here ?

" Lucy, Maria, my dearest Clementina,

" May soon demand your care !

" Joseph, Hortensius, Clement skilled in
" minstrelsy,

" And

“ And honest John. You all are here ;

“ Once more my favourite hymn !

How sweet the words, my Sylvia !

The softened notes, the varying moods,

The silent beats, the sweetly thrilling sounds,

Methought, had just dissolved the mortal tie,

And raised my soul to heaven !

JESUS I love thy charming name,

’Tis music to my ear ;

Fain would I found it out so loud,

That earth and heaven might hear !

Yes, thou art precious to my soul,

My transport, and my trust ;

Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,

And gold is sordid dust.

All my capacious powers can wish

In thee doth richly meet ;

Nor to my eyes is light so dear,

Nor friendship half so sweet !

Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,

And shed its fragrance there ;

The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

I'll speak the honours of thy name
With my last labouring breath;
And, dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death!

His soul, in sweet suspense,
Hung on the sound! The music ceased!
He gently bowed his fainting head
On Clementina's throbbing breast!—
She caught the expiring breath,
Fixed on his quivering lips!—And —!
“—My Clementina! where are you?”
“My dearest Clementina!—where?” Constantia said,
“Be still, my friends, be still!” replied Philander,
“One moment more determines all!—
“No breath!—no pulse! no life!
“They both are gone!”—
And, calling Joseph to his aid,
They Sophron's breathless corps replaced
with care,
And held his head. Mean while,
Constantia

Constantia and myself supported Clementina's!
The children all around, and bathed in tears,
Not one would leave the room!

An hour passed!—All hope was lost!

We laid them, arm in arm, just as they died,
Upon the bed of death!

We watched around them all that night!

That long, that dismal night! and wished for
morn.

The morning came,—The day was still.

And hopeless as the night!—

Eight suns performed their course,

While we successive vigils kept.

Since that, one coffin, and one grave,

Receives them both, and supercedes our care.

DIALOGUE XII.

EUDOTUS and PHILLANDER.

A FEW days ago, these two sincere friends to each other, and to the best interest of mankind, accidentally met, on their morning walk, in the fields of Belmont. After exchanging the customary civilities, they both sat down on one of the many elegant forms, which ornament the environs of that delightful villa. Eudotus could perceive a more than common composedness and elevation on the countenance of his friend, and therefore expected a subject of more than common importance.

Philander, having recollected himself a little, said, Last Sunday evening, just before bed time, I retired, as usual, into my closet; where
I read

I read, in course, the concluding paragraph of the twentieth chapter of the Revelations.—I closed the book with a design to meditate a little on so awful a subject; and by that means, to render it less formidable, and more familiar to my thoughts. But being a little fatigued with the labours of the day, an uncommon ineptitude of recollection seized me, as I sat in my easy chair, and I fell into a profound sleep.—Presently a voice came, loud as tenfold thunder, in my ears,

“Awake, ye dead, and come to judgment!”

—I started up!—the earth trembled,—the heavens were opened!—the lightnings flashed from pole to pole!—The hairs of my flesh stood upright! I fell to the ground as dead! Fear took hold on my very soul! And, whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell—In an instant, however, while I lay in this state, which, I thought, approached nearer to that of annihilation than any I had ever experienced, my guardian angel flew to my assistance, took me by the hand, and said,

T 4

“Arise,

“ Arise, shine, for thy light is come ; and
“ the glory of the LORD is risen upon thee !”

Immediately my connection with earth was broken ; all the powers of gravitation were entirely suspended ; and following my celestial guide, I soared to the ethereal heights, far above the grosser atmosphere of our world, “ And stars and suns were dust beneath my
“ feet !”

By this time, the awful trump of GOD, and the voice of the archangel, had alarmed the whole creation. All distinctions of fortune and rank, among the remaining inhabitants of the earth, were utterly destroyed ; princes and peasants, kings and beggars forgot their respective prerogatives, and mingled in the general confusion and uproar. Thousands on every side, were heard to curse the day on which they were born, and to wish they had never seen the light ! All methods of escape were devised and pursued with all the eagerness that guilt, and terror, and madness could inspire ! Here multitudes fled to the adjacent seas to cast themselves down from the cliffs of the rocks, and find a refuge in the unfathomable gulfs beneath

neath them ; and there, yet greater multitudes flying the plains, and open countries, to call on the hills and mountains to fall on them, and to cover them from the impending wrath of an incensed Deity !—They wished ! they fled !—they called !—but all in vain !—No hope, no help ; no security or refuge to be found, in the whole creation of GOD, for their guilty souls !—Covered with confusion, tormented with guilt, and sunk in despair, they now await the great tribunal !

The attendant guards had already formed the shining phalanx on either side the gates of heaven. And a voice was heard.

“ He that is unjust, let him be unjust still ;
“ and he that is polluted, let him be polluted
“ still ; and he that is righteous, let him be
“ righteous still ; and he that is holy, let
“ him be holy still ! Behold ! I come quick-
“ ly ; and my reward is with me, to give to
“ every man according as his work shall be !”

And I looked, and behold ! the adorable Immanuel, the king immortal, the judge eternal, descending in the clouds of heaven, in
his

his own glory, and in the glory of his Father.—The earth saw, and trembled, the hills melted like wax, at the presence of the LORD; at the presence of the LORD of the whole earth!—All nature receded; the stars fell from heaven—the moon could no longer keep her trembling course; and the orb of day was totally extinguished in his superior brightness.

The earth appeared, on either side, as one extended plain. The mountains of Cancaus only preserved their ancient site, and seemed to lift their hoary heads to an unusual height, in their utmost extent, to receive the august assembly. The shining squadrons instantly occupied the wide extremes. The ancient of days took his awful seat in the midst! His throne was a flame of fire. His garment white as snow. The hair of his head like the pure wool. Thousands of saints and angels ministered unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him.—The judgment was set, and the books were opened.

And now, the sea and the dry land; death and hell, the most secret recesses of all nature,

ture, obeyed the summons, and faithfully delivered up the dead that were in them.—And I saw the dead both small and great, all that had ever lived on the face of the earth, standing in one promiscuous multitude before the awful bar.—A solemn pause ensued,—and a voice proceeded from the throne, saying,

“ Separate the precious from the vile ; all
“ those who have made a covenant with me
“ by sacrifice.”

A chosen band of flaming seraphs executed the command, with equal speed and punctuality. On the one side were seen the beast, and the false prophet ; the hypocrite, and the infidel ; drunkards, revilers, and extortioners ; all who lived and died in sin of every name and nation under heaven. On the other, the holy patriarchs and prophets ; the apostles and martyrs ; all the meek of the earth ; the humble followers of the LAMB. Thousands, and thousands who lived in obscurity on earth, a number indeed that no man can number, which had not worshiped the beast,
nor

nor his image, neither had received his mark on their forehead, nor on their hands. These two grand assemblies of mankind occupied the extended plains.

Here, on the right, the western hemisphere,
Blessed with th' auspicious smiles,
Reflected all the milder glories, of Immanuel;
And shed a lustre, and diffused a joy,
Unknown on earth, since man's transgression.
There, on the left, a pitchy cloud hung low
and dreadful !

Darkness that might be felt,
Distinguished that devoted region.
The lightnings flashed, and distant thunders
growled !

The void, between, exposed the bar of GOD,
With all the awful pomp,
Attendant on the dread tribunal !

Here first, the self deceived, and the presumptuous in religion, made their appearance. One said, with a confidence that astonished the whole assembly,

“ LORD,

“ LORD, LORD, have I not prophesied in
“ thy name ? disseminated thy gospel far and
“ wide, to the instruction and comfort of thy
“ saints ?—Another, LORD, LORD, in thy
“ name have I not cast out devils ? and de-
“ livered many of thy people who were tor-
“ mented by those evil spirits ?—And ano-
“ ther, LORD, LORD, in thy name have I
“ not done many wonderful works, to vindi-
“ cate thy glory and convert thousands of my
“ fellow creatures ?—And now, LORD, shall
“ we not be rewarded with a crown of glory,
“ and shine as the brightness of the firma-
“ ment, and as the stars for ever and ever ?”

The Judge arose, and, with a solemnity
that cannot be expressed,

“ I know you not ! Your claims are pre-
“ sumptuous. Depart from me, ye workers
“ of iniquity ! Go, ye cursed, into everlast-
“ ing fire, prepared for the devil and his an-
“ gels !—For, notwithstanding all your pre-
“ tences, I was an hungred, and ye gave me
“ no meat ; I was thirsty, and ye gave me
“ no drink ; I was a stranger, and ye took
“ me

“ me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not;
“ sick and in prison, and ye visited me not.”

They said, “ LORD, when saw we thee
“ an hungred or athirst, or a stranger, or na-
“ ked, or sick, or in prison, and did not mi-
“ nister unto thee?”

The judge replied, “ Verily I say unto
“ you, in as much as ye did it not unto one of
“ the least of these my brethren, ye did it
“ not unto me.—But now they are com-
“ forted, and you are tormented.”

This very moment, the cloud, I thought,
which had been gathering, burst on their
guilty heads, and they were instantly over-
whelmed in perdition and misery! And I
heard weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of
teeth; and I beheld the smoke of their tor-
ments ascend upwards for ever and ever!

And now I saw every work, and every se-
cret thing brought into the judgment. The
thoughts of all hearts were disclosed; no more
vain pretences were offered; conscious guilt
appeared on every countenance. The wicked
could

could not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous; for the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous, but the way of the ungodly shall perish!—And they were judged every man according to his works.

And I saw an angel come down from heaven, having the key of the bottomless pit, and a great chain in his hand; and he laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the devil, and cast him into the bottomless pit, and shut him up.—And death and hell;—and whosoever was not found written in the book of life, was cast into the lake of fire!

An awful but just representation, said Eudotus, of that judgment, which GOD will pass on all the finally wicked and impenitent in that day!

Awful indeed it was! replied Philander; and had it not been for the guardian power, who was my faithful monitor, as well as my protector, I could not have supported myself,

self, amidst the complicated terrors of this affecting scene !

“ Is he not a just GOD ?—is he not a merciful SAVIOUR ?—Shall not the judge of all the earth do right ?—How unsearchable are thy judgments, O, LORD ! and thy ways— !”

He made a sudden stop ; and I heard much people in heaven, saying,

“ Halleluia ! salvation, and glory, and honour, and power unto the LORD our GOD ; for true and righteous are thy judgments, O LORD, for thou hast judged the great whore.—And hast avenged the blood of thy saints at her hand.” And again they said, “ Halleluia.” And her smoke rose up for ever and ever. And the four and twenty elders, and the four beasts fell down and worshipped GOD, that sat on the throne, saying,

“ Amen ! Halleluia !”

The anthem thrilled through every fibre of my soul ! All my scruples were entirely removed ;

moved; and, from that moment, I felt the most perfect and joyful acquiescence.

And yet, said Eudotus, my flesh trembles at the thought!—O that they were wise, that they would consider their latter end!—And, my brother, seeing we all look for such things as these, what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness!

By this time, continued Philander, the tempest, black and dreadful, beyond description, driven by the awful frown of the incensed judge, had nearly reached the eastern horizon, and seemed to sink with increasing horrors into the Tartarian gulf, the place assigned to the devil and his angels, by the unchanging decree of the great JEHOVAH.

I saw, and trembled——!

Down! down they fell!

All nature felt the shock!—

Earth, from its inmost center, shook!

The vault of heaven, on either side,

Retained the long vibration,

And seemed to shake the very throne of God!

U

—A solemn

— A solemn pause.

And now the silver trumpets sound ;

And all the golden harps are heard,

In sweetest symphony.

The whole assembly of the just approach the throne.

Nor Jew, nor Greek ; nor rich, nor poor ;

Nor young, nor old ; nor bond, nor free, are here.

One precious name includes the whole,

For CHRIST, a precious CHRIST ! is all in all !

No, my friend, before this awful tribunal, said Eudotus, neither circumcision, nor uncircumcision availeth any thing. No forms of worship, no professions of orthodoxy, no descent from illustrious or religious parents, no external relation to popes or patriarchs, to bishops or presbyters ; nothing but a real change of heart, nothing but the love of GOD and holiness, will be regarded in that day.

And yet, replied Philander, as one star differs from another star in magnitude and glory, so it is in the resurrection. And I
saw

saw the apostles and martyrs, who were slain for the testimony of JESUS, with crowns on their heads, and palms in their hands. And the wise shone as the brightness of the firmament, and they that had turned many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever. GOD, even their GOD and their Judge, was not unmindful of their work and labours of love which they had shewed to his name, in that they had ministered to the saints, and comforted the bowels of many. And they all stood before the throne, having washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the LAMB.

And now the awful scene was quite withdrawn.
The Judge no longer frowned. His smile,
His blissful smile, all heaven displayed ;
And, from his seat reclined,
In accents mild, as when soft zephyrs play,
He spake, and health and peace,
And joy ineffable, to every soul convey'd.

“ O, FATHER, LORD of heaven and
“ earth, who hast hid those things from the
“ wise and prudent, but hast revealed them

“unto babes; even so, Father, for so it
“seemed good in thy sight!”

And, turning to the shining throng, he said,

“Well done, good and faithful servants,
“ye have been faithful in a few things, I will
“make you rulers over many things, enter ye
“into the joy of your LORD. Come, ye
“blessed of my FATHER, inherit the king-
“dom prepared for you from the foundation
“of the world; for I was an hungred and ye
“gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave
“me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took
“me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was
“sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison,
“and ye came unto me.”

And the righteous said, “LORD, when
“saw we thee an hungred, and gave thee
“meat? or thirsty, and gave thee drink?
“when saw we thee a stranger, and took thee
“in? or naked and clothed thee? or when
“saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came
“unto thee?”

“Verily

“ Verily I say unto you, In as much as
“ ye have done it to one of the least of
“ these my brethren, ye have done it unto
“ me.”

And immediately the heavens were opened,
in all that ineffable brightness and glory which
leads to the throne of GOD. And I heard a
voice, saying,

“ Come up hither !”

The Judge arose, and, in the attitude of
ascending, raised his right hand to heaven.
The celestial armies, on either side, prepared
to obey the signal.

Mean while, a vast assemblage of fleecy clouds,
All edged with burnished gold,
Encompassed more than half
The wide extent of Caucasus,
Received the joyful multitudes,
And left a void twixt earth and heaven.
They mount, in awful pomp, th’ incumbent air,
Amidst the shouts and songs of angels !
Placed, by my guardian power,

Upon the utmost verge, I sat,
And, with ineffable delight,
I viewed the ascending GOD.
At Saturn's orb, just on the edge
Of his stupendous ring, we paused a while;
And from that height, such strength
The visual nerve had now acquired,
I saw the earth distinct,
As when I viewed it from the mount beneath:
And where old Babel stood,
And Memphis, long disgraced by foul idolatry;
And Salem, once the seat of GOD on earth;
And modern Rome; Byzantium large;
And London, mistress of the isles,—
Deserted, all in ruins lie!—

And now a fiery deluge rolls
From India's utmost bound,
Another from the western world
Advanced, as fast,
And wrapped the globe in flame!
The earth and sea, and all
That earth and sea contains,
Could scarce supply
The general conflagration.
The air is all adust,

The

The elements melt down with fervent heat.
And nothing seemed secure
Beneath the eternal throne !

Soon as I turned my eyes
From this affecting sight, all heaven,
The new Jerusalem appeared in view.
The pearly gates, on flaming hinges hung,
Were opened wide : the Judge, triumphant,
Entered in, and all the chosen sons
Of Adam in his train !

The city lieth four square, the length, and
the breadth, and the height of it are equal.
The wall had twelve foundations, ornamented
with all manner of precious stones. And the
twelve gates are twelve pearls, and the streets
are pure gold, transparent as glafs.—And I
saw no temple in it ; for the LORD GOD al-
mighty and the LAMB are the temple of it.
And the city had no need of the sun nor of
the moon to shine in it, for the glory of GOD
did lighten it, and the LAMB is the light
thereof. And the nations of them which are
saved did walk in it, and the kings of the
earth did bring their glory and honour into

it. And there could in no wise enter any thing that defileth, or worketh abomination, or that maketh or loveth a lie; but they which are written in the LAMB'S book of life. These are they which came out of great tribulation, and they are before the throne of GOD, and they serve him day and night in his temple. And they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; for the LAMB which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them to living fountains of water, and GOD shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying,

“Behold the tabernacle of GOD is with
“men, and he will dwell with them, and
“they shall be his people, and GOD himself
“will be with them, and will be their GOD.
“And there shall be no more death, neither
“sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be
“any more pain; for the former things are
“passed away.”

And

And they sung a new song, saying,

“Thou art worthy, for thou wast slain,
“and hast redeemed us by thy blood, out of
“every kindred and tongue, and people and
“nation, and hast made us to our GOD
“kings and priests for ever!”

And I beheld, and heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the beasts and the elders; and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands, saying, with a loud voice,

“Worthy is the LAMB that was slain to
“receive power and riches, and wisdom and
“strength; and honour and blessing!—Blessing and honour, and glory and power, be
“unto him that sitteth on the throne, and to
“the LAMB for ever and ever!”

And the four and twenty elders fell down and worshiped him that liveth for ever and ever.

And

And the four beasts said,

“ Amen ! ”

This moment I opened my eyes ; and to my unspeakable grief, after this extraordinary elevation, found myself what I never more expected to be, a mortal man.

Yes, my Philander, you are come back again, indeed, to our miserable world ; but, I suppose, you have seen and heard too much of heaven, to retain any great relish for the delights of earth.

It is a miserable world, indeed ! replies Philander ;

But yet I find the attachment strong.

My wife, my children, my people, my country, And I know not what, still hang about me.

’Tis sin, my friend, ’tis sin imbitters all !

For, were it just and good, earth would be heaven !

The fields of Belmont smile around us ;

The sunshine of prosperity has blessed,

Long blessed, our happy isle !

But

But now, alas! this day perhaps is emblematic!
The morning sun arose, and—for a while,
It shone with more than common brightness.
But ere it reached its utmost height,
Shorn of its beams, it grows more faint;
And, if my feelings do not much deceive me,
The western sky begins to lower,
And bodes a storm.—

Eudotus, turning to the south;—O, dreadful!
— Black as night, it comes apace!
Big with destruction! Who survives the storm,
GOD only knows! What shall we do?
Where shall we fly?—
Too late to seek our peaceful homes!—
These trees afford no shelter!
Besides, their height may but invite the
thunder,
And bring it down, with tenfold vengeance,
On our guilty heads!

Yon cave, replied Philander, is the only
place,
Could we but reach it time enough,
Where we can hope for safety and for rest!

I saw

I saw them run across the lawn, with eager
haste, —

They entered just in time.—

Clap after clap! and flash succeeded flash!

The hail and rain came down in dreadful
cataracts,

The tempest swept along,

And marked its horrid track with desolation!

The GOD of thunder, gathering in the clouds,
Confined the storm to narrow bounds,

Or all our hope of harvest,

Fruit and corn, had perished in that hour!

But by and by, beneath the horrid gloom,

I saw a streak of light; it marked the place
From whence the tempest rose.—

The clouds advanced in air;

The sun appeared to gild the earth afresh:

And seemed more bright, I thought,

Than 'twas before the storm!

Nature revived beyond my expectation,

The cattle soon returned,

To crop the freshened grass;

And all the woodlands round,

Echoed the voice of melody and song,

The friends now left the darkened cave,

Once more to hail the face of day.

See

See, Philander said, yon blasted oak !
Twas there the lightening fell. It clove
The solid trunk, and ploughed the ground
beneath !

And, see that seat, on which so late we sat,
In shivers rent !——

I see, Eudotus said, and I adore !
And now, my brother,
View the landscape round,
——How changed, on every side !
The sky puts on its azure vest,
As lately washed from every stain ;
And not a single cloud appears
In all the vast expanse of heaven !
The golden font of day
Pours forth its purest light on earth.
The freshened air exhales the sweets of Bel-
mont,
The hills and valleys laugh, and sing.
'Tis sure the sequel of your dream, Philander !
Behold, the new heaven, and the new earth !
And, could we add,———
We should, indeed, be happy !

The

The freshened air, replied Philander,
The sweets of Belmont, the woodland song,
And all th' enlivened landscape round,
Invite my stay—And my Eudotus—
But my Delia ! and her infant train !
She saw, no doubt, from yonder vale,
Which way the tempest urged its furious
course ;
And think, Eudotus.--But, you have no Delia !

I have no Delia of my own, Eudotus said ;
But let me feel for yours !—Adieu,
My dearest friend, adieu !
Next time, perhaps, we meet, and Delia too,
In lovelier fields, and part no more !

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THE END.

